

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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Staccato.

"PLEASE, sir," said a young man to the foreman of a paving gang on Selby Avenue, "will you give me one of those round cedar blocks?"

"Those blocks belong to the city, my boy. If you are a taxpayer, they are as much yours as mine; but you don't look like a taxpayer. However, I will give you one if you tell me what you want it for."

"I want to cover it with carpet, and make a hassock."

"What do you want of a hassock? you ain't a married man."

"Oh no, sir; but I can trade the hassock for a bird-cage to Mrs. Brown. Her bird is dead."

"But what do you want of a bird-cage without any bird?"

"Oh, I don't want the cage; but I found out that I could trade the cage for an oxidised picture-frame."

"There it is again. What good is a picture-frame without any picture?"

"But Mr. Oliver has got a picture of General Sheridan, and he said he would trade me a hanging-lamp for a good oxidised frame for it."

"So it's a hanging-lamp you want?"

"No, I've got no particular use for a lamp; but I can trade a good hanging-lamp for a Persian rug, and I can trade the rug for a Mexican parrot, and Tom Higbee will trade me his banjo for the parrot. See? It's the banjo I'm after."—*Pioneer Press.*

♦ ♦ ♦

THE sick poor have reason to pray to be delivered from the proposed new organisation to be called "The Mission of St. Cecilia." The members of this new guild actually propose to go about and play the fiddle in the rooms of invalids who may be too poor, in the opinion of the "St. Cecilia Missioners," to have violin music of their own laid on in their houses. I don't think I remember to have heard a more sinister proposal than this. Indeed, the proposition is so terrible that I cannot imagine for one moment that it will be carried out. Amateur violinists are merciless, I know, but not quite so merciless as the Rev. Frederick Harford proposes they shall be.

♦ ♦ ♦

ONE evening, previous to proceeding to St. James's Hall, London, Joachim went to a hair-dresser to have his *frisure* arranged. The zealous Figaro very much wished to cut the professor's hair rather short, to which, however, the latter objected. At last the indignant barber said, "Well, sir, if you as a gentleman don't mind being taken for a foreign musician, I don't."

♦ ♦ ♦

THE *Evening Post*, says the Italian musical journal *Il Trovatore* of Milan, says that "the ex-baritone and manager, Del Puente, is about forming a company for Rio Janeiro, and has

engaged Succi, the fasting man, as one of its members." Has it come to that point with Italian Opera that it needs the contrast of a fasting man to make its harmonies seem less meagre?

♦ ♦ ♦

"Is your father a Christian?" asks the new minister. "No," replied the boy, "he sings in the choir."

♦ ♦ ♦

Apropos of Sir Arthur Sullivan, an entertaining story is told of his intimacy with the Duke of Edinburgh. The latter, who is exceedingly proud of his musical talents, composed, some years ago, a waltz, to which he gave the name of the "Galatea," in honour of the ship on board which he circumnavigated the globe. Before publishing the waltz, however, he insisted on having it revised by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The latter went carefully over the score, putting his initials, "A. S. S.," which stand for Arthur Samuel Sullivan, at the foot of every page, in token that it had received his approval. The publishers were apparently ignorant of the fact that the initials were exclusively destined for the Duke's royal eye, and printed them along with the score. The entire first edition of the "Galatea" waltz was therefore put upon the London market with each page subscribed by the scarcely complimentary word "Ass"!

♦ ♦ ♦

A STRANGE sign appeared in a piece of music published a few weeks ago at Bote & Bock's, the Berlin music-sellers. In a certain passage of one of Dressler's compositions, entitled "Letztes Lied," a pause is marked, a special pause, which has nothing to do with the ordinary signs used in music and which musically means nothing. The story of this sign is: "Letztes Lied" was one of Moltke's favourite songs; he was so fond of it that he frequently begged the Intendant Count Hochberg, being a good baritone, to sing it to him. It was while listening to its performance that he was seized with apoplexy. The pause indicates the precise moment when the old field-marshal fell back to die.

♦ ♦ ♦

SHE: "He sings divinely, doesn't he?"

HE: "He does."

SHE: "Do you know, I think he must have suffered some terrible sorrow. It is the caged nightingale that sings the sweetest."

HE: "Yes, he has. His tailor told him to-day he could not have his summer suit until he paid for it."

♦ ♦ ♦

HERE is an American tale of a wonderful fiddle. A poor man in Bergen, New Jersey, bought a violin for a dollar. He took it home and tried to play on it, but not a sound could he produce! Thoroughly disgusted, he smashed his disappointing purchase to pieces—when he found in the inside of it bank notes to the amount of 1700 dollars!

GILBERT and Sullivan have got so now that they "speak as they pass by." This may in time generate a new comic opera.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE xylophone player is quite a marvel in his way—he takes little pieces and makes chords of wood.

♦ ♦ ♦

A MUSICAL composer being asked if he had done anything lately, replied that his last work was a composition—with his creditors.

♦ ♦ ♦

SHE (*just having finished song*): "Do you sing, Mr. Jones?"

JONES: "No, unfortunately. I am one of the listeners!"

♦ ♦ ♦

FIRST MAN: "Excuse me, sir, but the way you're flourishing about that pepper-castor makes me sneeze."

SECOND DITTO (*with an ear for music*): "So I've noticed, sir, but I really can't help doing it, for you've got the most musical sneeze I ever heard. It's quite a treat to hear you sneeze, sir!"

♦ ♦ ♦

THE following anecdote, which seems to be making the round of the musical journals, is, if not true, at least "well found." Popper, the distinguished violoncellist, who had been taking a walk in Carlsbad with an eminent dramatic composer, and had observed the commemorative tablets fixed upon this or that house, formerly inhabited by some great man, surprised his companion on their return to the abode of the latter, by suddenly bursting forth with—

"Believe me or not, my dear friend, in a few years this house, too, will have a notice over the door, running thus"—

"What do you mean?" interrupted the other, whose modesty forced from him a protest. "Of course, I don't deny that I have talent, and I know I work hard, but as for supposing that such a thing as that could happen"—

"But let me finish my sentence, my dear fellow," persisted Popper. "I repeat it. The day will come when they will put a notice up at the entrance to this dwelling, with the inscription, *Apartments to let!*"

♦ ♦ ♦

WE notice that one of our American contemporaries advises its readers to drop the "forte" in pianoforte. Do not (it says) "use it in any of your new catalogues or cards or signs. People in this country buy 'pianos' and not 'pianofortes.' They do not ask, 'What is the price of your pianofortes?' they say, 'How much do you ask for your pianos?' Piano has become the vernacular, and the word pianoforte has gone into everlasting desuetude here. Then call them in your advertisements, etc., what the people call them, and that is 'pianos.' The name is shorter than the old one, and you can also make a much better display with it. Drop the 'forte.' Most houses have done so already."

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Musical Life in London.

CORNELIUS' bright overture, "Der Barbier von Bagdad," was repeated by desire at the Richter Concert on June 22. Dr. Richter does not often indulge his audience with pianoforte music, but on this occasion Mr. Paderewski played his Concerto in A minor, and by his brilliant performance excited unusual enthusiasm. The programme included three interesting Wagner excerpts. The Introduction and first scene from "Das Rheingold" were given for the first time. The Rhine-Nymphs were well represented by Miss Alice Esty, Mrs. Henschel, and Miss Marie Gröbl, while Mr. Henschel as Alberich displayed dramatic power of a high order. Sachs's Monologue and the "Gut'n Abend Meister" Duet, together with the Wotan's "Farewell" and the wonderful fire music, were all admirably rendered.

On the following Monday, June 29, the concert was given in conjunction with the Wagner Society, but, strange to say, the master only occupied a subordinate place in the programme. It would be difficult to assign a reason for this, for certainly—to say nothing of the special occasion—the frequenters of these concerts have not become weary of listening to the master's music. The programme commenced with Haydn's "Clock" Symphony, and to give it more in accordance with the orchestra of the composer's day, Dr. Richter reduced the number of his strings. The charming work was admirably performed. Some familiar Wagner excerpts, including "Elizabeth's Greeting" and "Senta's Ballad," in which Mme. Nordica obtained much success, were followed by the *pièce de résistance*, a Symphony in D minor, No. 3, by Anton Bruckner, which lasted one hour. The work is dedicated to Richard Wagner, who one day—so it is said—bidding farewell to his friend Bruckner, called out from the railway carriage, "I will give all your symphonies," or words to that effect. Surely Wagner cannot have been in earnest. It cannot be denied that the composer's music is cleverly written, and at times effective, but it seems to have come from the head rather than the heart. It is to be feared that to listen to all his symphonies, of which there are no less than seven, would prove a severe ordeal.

The seventh concert, on July 6, commenced and closed with two fine works—the first, Cherubini's "Medée" Overture; and the last, Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. Mr. Max Heinrich was heard to great advantage in the magnificent address of Sachs to Walther, and this was followed by the closing chorus. The third scene from Act 2 of "Götterdämmerung," in which Mr. Heinrich doubled the parts of Hagen and Gunther, is scarcely effective in a concert-room; the choruses are dramatic, but very loud. Mdlle. Clementine de Vere, a vocalist with a clear and telling voice, made a favourable appearance. She sang an air from the "Magic Flute," but was heard, however, to better advantage in her second song, an Aria from Dvorák's oratorio "St. Ludmila."

On the following Monday the programme commenced with Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolan," of which a fine performance was

given. Then came the same composer's "Ah! Perfido," to which, however, the new vocalist, Madame Katherine van Arnhem, scarcely did justice. This was followed by Wagner's "Charfreitags-Zauber" from "Parsifal," and this, curiously enough, was the only specimen of Wagner in the programme. It may be that Dr. Richter wishes to render the taste of his audience more catholic, and if so the intention is a good one. But the choice of works other than those of Beethoven and Wagner demands careful consideration. Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite and Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony in E flat are not lacking in interest; but if we are not mistaken, Dr. Richter is not in thorough sympathy with either composer. The rendering, however, of the fantastic Finale of Grieg's Suite was given with wonderful *entrain*, and a desperate but fruitless effort was made to have it encored.

The Philharmonic Society gave their closing concert on Saturday afternoon. Madame de Pachmann's playing in Chopin's E minor Concerto was extremely brilliant, and M. Franz Ondricek's reading of Beethoven's Violin Concerto was such as one would expect from so accomplished an artist. Grieg's "Im Herbst" Concert Overture and Beethoven's Symphony in F were well rendered by the fine Philharmonic orchestra, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen, who was received with special demonstrations of approval. The vocalist was Mr. Barton McGuckin. Seven concerts are announced for the season of 1892.

M. Paderewski's third recital was held at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, June 30. His programme commenced with Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, of which he gave a characteristic reading. The same may be said of Schumann's "Carneval," but in this latter there were traces of exaggeration and Chopinesque touches scarcely suitable to the work. In a number of shorter pieces the pianist obtained much success. At his final recital on July 11, the whole programme was devoted to Frederic Chopin. The immense audience (there was not a vacant seat) showed that M. Paderewski's fame as a pianist is growing. And he fully deserves his reputation, for, without doubt, he is a striking player. In his readings of Chopin there are unsatisfactory moments, but taken as a whole his afternoon performances were of great merit and interest. He was particularly fine in the opening and closing movements of the "Funeral March" Sonata and in two of the Nocturnes. His audience was most enthusiastic.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave still another vocal recital at St. James's Hall, on Friday afternoon, July 3, and again drew a large and sympathetic audience. Mrs. Henschel was in excellent voice, and sang with great simplicity and charm. Particularly would we mention a delightful "May Song," by A. Hervey, an effective setting by Mr. Corder of Tennyson's "O Sun, that waken'st," and the dainty little "Serenade de Zanetto" of Massenet's. Mr. Henschel was also most successful; besides songs by Schubert, Loewe, and Brahms, he sang some of his own from the "Trompeter von Säckingen." The pianoforte accompaniments were, as usual, excellent; Mr. Henschel in this branch is *facile princeps*.

Another vocal recital, given by Miss Liza Lehmann at Princes' Hall, on Friday afternoon, July 10, proved specially attractive. Miss Lehmann, with her graceful and pleasing

style and pleasant manners, won the heart of her audience. She sang songs by Gluck, Giovanni, Gounod, and other composers. She obtained a big encore for her arch rendering of a quaint Old English melody, fitted to Mopse's words, "When Love is kind." Mr. Plunkett Green obtained also much success. He sang with considerable effect Lully's old-world air, "Bois épais," but his chief triumph was won by his admirable rendering of three Old Hungarian melodies; the music, with its quaint rhythms and cadences and Hungarianisms (*sit venia verbo*), was most attractive. The programme included the "Liebeslied" from the "Walküre," and other songs, sung with a good deal of taste by Herr von Zur Mühlen.

The Gerard-Thies Concert at St. James's Banqueting Hall, on July 11, deserves a word of mention. Miss Gerard has a voice of pleasing quality, and in some light songs by Kjerulf and Goring-Thomas made a favourable impression. Mr. Thies has a tenor voice of fair quality. Miss Nettie Carpenter (violin) and Miss Matilde Wurm (piano) were highly successful.

The "Patti" concert at the Albert Hall, on Saturday afternoon, June 20, went off with *éclat*. The prima donna was in splendid voice, and, besides well-known songs, gave a new taking waltz, by Signor Arditi, and a light and pleasing song by Gounod, entitled "Only." Madame Patti was, of course, the principal "star," but there were many other attractions. Messrs. Lloyd and Santley both received a warm welcome. Mr. Augustus Harris's second Operatic Concert in the same hall, on the following Saturday, also attracted a goodly audience, and the vocal efforts of some of the principal artists of the Italian Opera were fully appreciated. The clever pianoforte playing of Signore Rosina and Bice Cerasoli (aged eight and ten) attracted notice; they both give good promise.

The first concert of the African Native Choir took place at Princes' Hall on Thursday evening, July 2. The "interview," printed in these columns last month, will have given our readers some idea of our new musical visitors. The performances were extremely interesting, and naturally to musicians those which had most local colour were the most attractive. There was, for instance, the first music known to have been sung by Christian Kaffirs, the original composition of Mtsikana, the first convert among the Amaxosa tribe. Then there was the "short story" sung in the Kafir language, in which were heard the peculiar *clicks* heard in the native tongue, and the "Wedding Song" with action. The singing of "Our Father" in English in chant form testified to the ability of Mr. J. H. Balmer, the musical director and secretary of this African choir. The "Big Baboon" solo and chorus was amusing, but in dangerous proximity to music of a more serious character. The Kafir travesty on the English street cry of "Hot Cross Buns" caused considerable mirth. There was a large audience, of which the greater part stopped until the end.

Space will prevent us noticing many concerts of interest, among others those of the rising pianist, Mr. Dawson; those accomplished artists, Madame de Pachmann and M. Schönbberger, and M. Wieniawski, who gave a programme of his own music.

The performances at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, must be briefly noticed—not all, but two of more special interest. The first was Beethoven's "Fidelio," which, of late, has been somewhat neglected. Madame Tavary may not be able vocally to do full justice to the exacting part of Leonora, but she has an artistic conception of the music, and as an

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actress she deserves high praise. M. Plançon, as Rocco, achieved a brilliant success; he not only has a fine voice, but his acting is full of life and point. Signor Ravelli displayed good points in the part of Florestan. Signor Randegger was the conductor.

Verdi's "Aida" was given on July 15. Madame Nordica, in the title-role, did herself fair, if not full justice. Mdle. Guercia (Amneris) has a powerful voice, but is somewhat stagey. Devoyod (Amonasro) was very good, especially in the dark scene with his daughter. Ravelli (Radamès) worked hard, but exerted himself at times a little too much. The orchestra was under the skilful direction of Signor Bevigiani.

The revival of Verdi's "Otello" at Covent Garden on Wednesday evening was indeed a brilliant success. Madame Albani (Desdemona), M. J. de Reszke (Otello), and M. Maurel (Iago) all exerted themselves to the best of their powers. But though the first two deserve very high praise, M. Maurel, by his remarkable impersonation of the "Ancient," perhaps attracted chief notice. He delivered the terrible "Credo" in the second act with great dramatic power, and we cannot but think he spoiled the effect produced by repeating it. The minor parts were in good hands—Cassio (Signor Guetary), Roderigo (Signor J. Corsi), Lodovico (Signor Abramoff), Montano (Signor Miranda), and Emilia (Mdle. Passama). Signor Mancinelli conducted in an able manner. This is not a moment in which we can enter in detail with respect to the music. It may not be Verdi's greatest opera, but it certainly contains some of his finest inspirations. Mr. Augustus Harris may be congratulated on having produced it in so splendid and effective a manner. The house was crowded, the applause enthusiastic, and the actors were recalled at the close of each act.

Jenny Lind.*

TO whom is the name of the great songstress unknown? Yet familiar as is the tale of her wonderful powers and her wonderful successes, it is still read with interest. The recently published memoir by Henry Scott Holland and W. S. Rockstro deals minutely with all events connected with her early art-life and dramatic career, and many, no doubt, have perused with interest the glowing pages. It is not our intention to describe the contents of the two volumes—to weary those who have read them, or to spoil the enjoyment of those who have not—but to dwell for a moment on one or two passages, which in the first excitement of reading might perhaps not receive all the attention they deserve. There are points in Jenny Lind's character on which rising musicians will do well to ponder. Nature bestowed on her the great gift of song, and probably even had she lacked those qualities which so endeared her to her friends, she would have made a great name. But the seed fell on fruitful soil, and Jenny Lind made the most of the talent committed to her care: she used it for others rather than for herself, and thus won the friendship of great men and women, as well as the admiration of the world.

Her simplicity of thought, feeling, and manner was one of her chief charms, and one of her best ends to success. "Her singing," said Mrs. Stanley in 1847, "is the least part of her charm; she has the simplicity of genius." From the time of her public appearances as a girl at

Stockholm she "felt her power," but her outward simplicity was no cloak to hide inward vanity. She felt her power, but knew at the same time that she had much to learn. All through her career she felt this, and thus pride never got hold of her. Let us quote one or two passages from letters written without a thought of publicity. She writes, for instance, from Paris to the Principal of the Stockholm Dramatic School:—"But, in any case, I shall come home, in order that people may hear what progress I have made—if I really have made any." And, again, in the same letter:—"I hope, therefore, that I shall not be misunderstood; that people will not imagine that I have gone abroad with foolish conceited ideas about this little self of mine." These lines were written when she was in Paris studying under Garcia. But when the day of success came, when she went to Berlin and made her *début* in "Norma," when public and press vied with each other in expressing admiration, she did not lose her head. She writes to her friend, Fru. Lindblad, describing her triumphs, and then modestly adds, "It looks, however, as if I might become independent;" and this at a moment when her future was certainly assured. And a few years later, when at the zenith of her fame, she said to Mrs. Grote, "My wants are few—my tastes simple—a small income would content me." And after her London triumphs, when she returned to her native city, she took part in a performance of "La Figlia," the profits of which were to be devoted to a training college, and expressed the humble hope that she might "contribute to help those who are favoured by nature but ill-treated by fortune." Again, in a letter in 1845, she writes:—"Perhaps you think that I have grown vain? No; God shield me from that! I know what I can do. I should be very stupid if I did not. But I know equally well what I cannot do." But one more quotation. In a letter from Boston to her guardian, written as late as 1850, she again shows her true simplicity:—"It is indeed a great joy, and a gift from God, to be allowed to earn so much money, and afterwards to help one's fellowmen with it. This is the highest joy I wish for in this life; everything else has disappeared from the many-coloured course of my path on earth. Few know, though, what a beautiful and quiet inner life I am living. Few suspect how unutterably little the world and its splendour have been able to turn my mind giddy. Herrings and potatoes, a clean wooden chair, and a wooden spoon to eat milk-soup with, that would make me skip like a child for joy!"

Surely all these quotations show that her simplicity was no assumed thing, but a genuine part of her nature.

But we have lingered over this striking quality, and now must hastily dispose of two other characteristics. She was thoroughly in earnest in all matters connected with her art, and that very earnestness was the cause of her unwearied perseverance. That earnestness in art is so valuable, and, unfortunately, so rare. How many of our rising artists look upon art as a means principally for acquiring money and fame, and forget its high privileges and responsibilities!

She was influenced for good in early life by A. F. Lindblad, the famous song-writer, and in 1882 Jenny Lind wrote as follows:—"I have to thank him (Lindblad) for that fine comprehension of art which was implanted by his idealistic, pure, and unsensual nature into me, his ready pupil. Subsequently Christianity stepped in, to satisfy the moral needs, and to teach me to look well into my own soul."

It was that earnestness that led her to Paris

to help her to mature the power she felt within her. It was this which enabled her to listen calmly to Garcia's terrible verdict on the state of her voice, and to ask, with tears in her eyes, what she should do.

Let us, in conclusion, give Jenny Lind's own words from a communication made to Dean P. Wieselgren:—"As to the greater part of what I can do in my art, I have myself acquired it by incredible work, and in spite of astonishing difficulties; it is from Garcia alone that I learned some few important things. To such a degree had God written within me what I had to study. My ideal was (and is) so high, that no mortal was to be found who, in the least degree, could satisfy my demands; therefore I sing after no one's *méthode*—only after that of the birds (as far as I am able); for their Teacher was the only one who responded to my requirements for truth, clearness, and expression."

The Highbury School of Music.

AT the Highbury New Park School of Music, the Scholarships for Lady Students only, 1891-92, were distributed thus:—Miss L. Badcock was the successful candidate for the "G. H. Betjemann" Violin Scholarship, which was competed for in presence of Messrs. W. A. Barrett, Mus. Doc., Ebenezer Prout, B.A., and Ellis Roberts (R.T.O.), acting as judges. Miss M. Edwards was highly commended. Though the pieces chosen for competition, viz. Adagio from Spohr's 9th and First Movement from Molique's 5th Concertos, offered considerable difficulties, both students were greatly complimented by the examiners for their creditable performances, and their professor, Mr. G. H. Betjemann, was congratulated on having obtained such thoroughly satisfactory results.

Five more Scholarships, which, however, were not competed for, had been previously awarded to Miss C. Badcock (The "Gilbert H. Betjemann" Pianoforte Scholarship), Miss S. Harley (The "John Henry Leipold" Pianoforte Scholarship), Miss A. West (The "John Probert" Solo Singing Scholarship), Miss F. Robertson (The "Louis B. Prout" Harmony Scholarship), and Miss Nellie Hair (The "Rayfield Seamer" Solo Singing Scholarship).

Mr. Wallis' Recitals.

MR. AND MRS. WALLIS, of Leeds, have proved highly successful in their series of "Saturday Popular Entertainments." Unlike the London Saturday Pops, these are not strictly confined to classical compositions. The music is interspersed with short dramatic pieces, and as Lady Teagle in the "School for Scandal," Mrs. Wallis was greatly applauded. Mr. and Mrs. Wallis' *répertoire* of songs and dramatic fragments is very large, therefore their audiences can rarely complain of having heard the same thing twice over. Moreover, being themselves bitten with the composing mania, Mr. and Mrs. Wallis often give a novelty in the shape of one of their own latest compositions. "Of making of books there is no end." I doubt if Solomon had many rival song-makers, but could he have had a peep into the nineteenth century!

It is very probable that a Mendelssohn Festival—on the same lines as the Handel Festival—will be held at the Crystal Palace next year, in which case "Elijah" will probably be heard on the first day, a miscellaneous selection including the "Hymn of Praise," "Hear my Prayer," and the "Reformation" Symphony on the second day, and "St. Paul" on the third.

* Jenny Lind, by H. Scott Holland and W. S. Rockstro.

Bandmasters of the British Army.

III. J. S. Dunlop, 2nd Dragoons.

J. S. DUNLOP was born at Portsmouth 4th December 1856, and educated at the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich. His father was a warrant officer in the Royal Navy, and served with great distinction in the Crimea and other wars, being in possession of no less than six war medals, together with that of the French Legion of Honour.

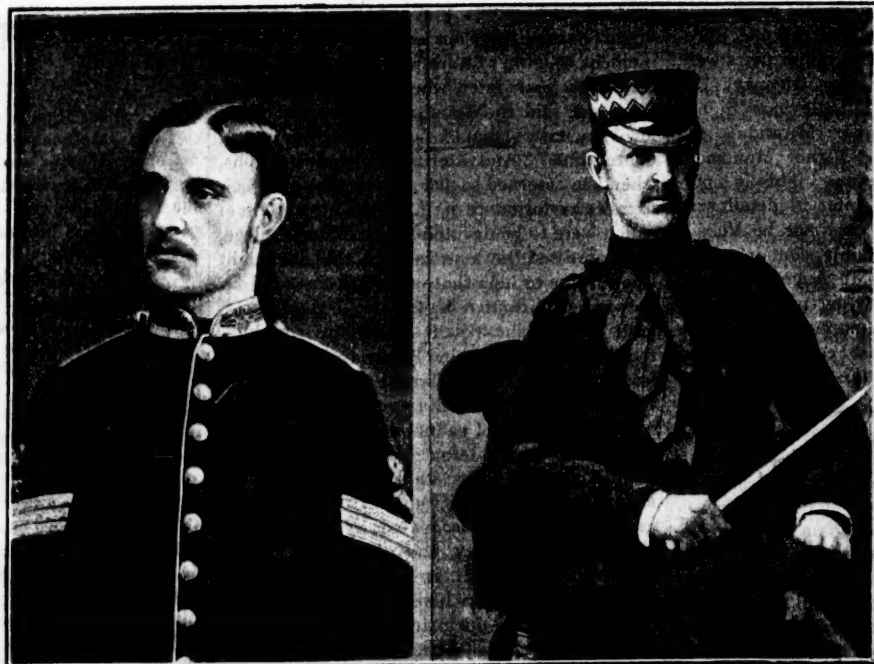
As a boy at school he showed some aptitude for music, being awarded the first prize in the

success, conducting it at the Portland Hall, Southsea Pier, and other places.

He was eventually sent to join the band of the Commander-in-Chief of the China Station. At that time the Commander-in-Chief was Admiral A. P. Ryder. But not seeing much chance of advancement, he left the Royal Navy, and in 1879 enlisted in the band of the Royal Artillery (Mounted) under Mr. Lawson, where he speedily became the solo clarinet-player of the band, at the same time receiving the

was sent to Kneller Hall to qualify for bandmaster. Having undergone the necessary course of harmony, counterpoint, and instrumentation, and being in possession of a first-class certificate of education, he was appointed in 1889 bandmaster of the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys). This happened only just ten years after enlistment, which was rather rapid promotion.

He has done something in the way of composition, and adapted many pieces for



SERGEANT OF ROYAL ARTILLERY.

BANDMASTER OF 2ND DRAGOONS.

band. In 1871 he left school and joined the band of H.M.S. *St. Vincent* (this band is composed of lads varying between the ages of 15 and 20, who, after having undergone a careful course of training under the bandmaster, and approaching the latter age, are drafted to sea-going ships as bandsmen). He came to the front again here somehow, for the bandmaster fell sick, and he, by this time become sergeant of the band, was deputed (*pro tem.*) to take charge of it entirely, which he did with some degree of

honorary rank of sergeant. He continued here until it was broken up, fulfilling with the band many important engagements in all parts of the country, notably the last at the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886, which was also the last occasion on which the band appeared intact. It may not, perhaps, be out of place to mention here the fact of Mr. Lawson's being presented, on the closing night of the Exhibition, with a gold medal.

On the breaking up of the band, Mr. Dunlop

the military band, among others the following:—

- Klose, "1st Air Varié for B flat Clarinet."
- Solos, " "
- Andante by Batiste.
- Selection of German Airs.
- Selection from "The Gondoliers."
- Schumann's "Birthday March."
- Extracts from "Die Zauberflöte."
- Lesueur's "Coronation March," etc.

Musical Italy.

ANTI-WAGNERITES and lovers of the old school of Italian music assume too much when they declare that the Italians are opposed to the new school.

Facts contradict them, for Verdi—Verdi, the composer of "Il Trovatore" and the perpetrator of innumerable melodramatic sins—has distinctly swerved

from his youthful style; all the world admires "Aida" and "Otello," and it is easy enough to read between the lines of the music and to smell out his inspiration.

But just look at the new Italy, and consider the names of Arrigo Boito, the composer of "Mefistofele" and the librettist of "Otello," a man literally saturated with new and intellectual ideals.

Sgambati, who was praised so warmly by Wagner for his piano quintet; Carlo Martucci, whose B flat minor piano concerto was played last month in Berlin by Eugene d'Albert; Ponchielli, who was evidently affected by Wagner; and Mascagni, the newcomer,

whose melodies, while being fresh, naive, and Italian, receive, we are told, a rich modern setting.

It shows that Italy, the birthplace of modern music—Italy, one of the greatest intellectual and artistic countries that ever flourished—Italy, the mother of Giotto, Cimabue, Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Palestrina, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Machiavelli, Cavour, Mazzini, Julius Caesar, yes, and Bonaparte, the little Corsican giant—Italy will not be left in the rear, and we speculate with interest on the part she will play in the future of the tone art.

Musicians in Council.

Dramatis Personæ.

DR. MORTON,	Pianist.
MRS. MORTON,	Violinist.
MISS SEATON,	Soprano.
MISS COLLINS,	Contralto.
MR. TREVOR,	Tenor.
MR. BOYNE,	Baritone.

DR. MORTON. I will begin by drawing your attention to an excellent edition of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," published by Novello, Ewer, & Co. in four parts, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass respectively. The volumes are edited by Mr. Randegger, who has also supplied marks of expression and phrasing such, to quote his own words, "as have been and are used by the many distinguished artists whom it has been my good fortune to hear." Each part is to be bought for the small sum of 1s. 6d. By way of contrast to these, I will turn next to four pieces that have been sent me from the Music Publishing Syndicate, and may all be described as German Exhibition music. First, there is a Grand Festival March, composed for the opening of the Exhibition by Carl Merkel, bandmaster of the King of Saxony's 105th Infantry Regiment; the second is also termed a German Exhibition March, by Wilhelm Hilge. Both are light compositions of the *pièce d'occasion* type, and do not call for any detailed notice. Then there are a couple of waltzes, the "British Beauties" by W. Wolff, and the "Attila" by Dan Godfrey, jun., which have been played at the Exhibition, of course with "enormous success." The last-named is dedicated to Professor Attila, the "renowned German athlete," a picture of whom adorns the cover. A "Bolero," by Florence Wickins (Wickins & Co.), is rather a feeble little piece, distinguished neither by spirit nor imagination. Messrs. Wickins' Grosvenor College Album, No. 17, containing twelve "brilliant and easy" pianoforte pieces, is not dear at one shilling, but it was a mistake to introduce such hackneyed pieces as "Home, sweet Home," "The Harmonious Blacksmith," and Schumann's "Merry Peasant," which have been included in nearly every collection of the kind for the best part of half a century. My last piece is a well-written and unpretentious little march for the organ by Frank Abernethy, Mus. Bac. Oxon. (H. Seymour, 38 Berners Street).

Miss Seaton. I have a bright and pleasing little song called "Scarlet Poppies," by W. H. Jude (Wickins & Co.). It is not what would be called a "high-class" composition, but it has a pretty tune, and the accompaniment, though simple, is sufficient. "St. Agnes' Eve," words by Lord Tennyson, music by Arthur Esmond (Weekes & Co.), is a disappointing song. The poem ought to have proved inspiring, but, as a matter of fact, the melody is decidedly tame, while the accompaniment is no more than the voice-part rather baldly harmonised. "The Highlander's Farewell" is an old Gaelic air, to which words have been set by J. Macleod Glass (Methven, Simpson, & Co.). The melody is very simple, but characteristic, with a pathetic ring about it. The words are thoroughly sympathetic, with their soft Gaelic terms of endearment. The accompaniment is by J. More Smieton. I think you will be amused at my next song, which is the old rhyme of "Oranges and Lemons," set to music by George Lovell

(J. & J. Hopkinson, London). The chiming idea is not overdone in either the melody or accompaniment, which are fairly appropriate, though not striking. But the words are not always the same as in the version I am accustomed to, and there are some extra couplets, which I am sure must be a modern invention. Haven't you all been accustomed to sing "Lend me five farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's?" while here is printed "Halfpence and farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's," which makes no sense.

Trevor. Certainly; my version of the line is the same as yours. By the way, isn't it curious that nothing gives one such a sense of injury as any alteration of the nursery rhymes and stories of one's childhood? But talking of "Oranges and Lemons," I don't see the necessity of a new setting. When I play the game, there is a very nice tune, consisting of variations on three notes, which I and all the other children sing. I hope the finale, which is so blood-curdling in its irrelevance, is given there—"Here comes a candle to light you to bed, and here comes the headsman to chop off the last man's head." I can remember now the sort of terrified delight with which I felt that it was the turn for my head to be caught. And then the pulling, which generally ended in about two dozen small children falling backwards over each other like a pack of cards. How does the composer describe that catastrophe?

Miss S. That is not introduced at all, nor is your headsman finale. The song ends with some quite foreign couplets, in which the rhymes are most delightfully erratic—

"Rice and old slippers,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.
Husbands and wives,
Say the bells of St. Bride's."

Lastly, I have "The Spinning Song," words by George Barlow, music by George Lovell (J. & J. Hopkinson). I think all spinning songs come before the world at a certain disadvantage now, because one involuntarily compares them with that one inimitable example, Schubert's setting of Marguerite's song, "Meine Ruh' ist hin." Still, the one under consideration is not a bad specimen of its kind. The accompaniment is good, if somewhat conventional, and the fact that the melody is monotonous renders it none the less appropriate to the subject.

Trevor. I have a song here which I did not think much of when I first tried it over, but on looking it through again it rather caught my fancy, partly, perhaps, because it is a little out of the common. It is called, "In thy Dear Eyes," by Adrian Cirillo (J. & J. Hopkinson). There is something rather haunting about the melody, but the syncopated accompaniment pleases me even better. Some of the modulations are well managed and effective. Altogether it is a song to be recommended to the amateur who has a soul above ballads and waltz refrains. Then I have a setting of Lord Tennyson's "O Swallow, Swallow," by Arthur Somervell (J. & J. Hopkinson). This is a clever and spirited song, which I should like much better if I did not already look upon the poem as, musically speaking, the property of Blockley. Of course I know comparisons are odious, but somehow one never can help making them. I seem to be rather in luck to-day, for I have also a song called "Two Messengers of Love," by J. Cliffe Forrester (Henry Seymour). If not quite so original as one would expect from the clever composer, it is, at least, an attractive and well-written song, of a wholesome, if somewhat well-worn type. "Pater Noster" is a "Meditation on J. S.

Bach's Prelude in F minor, for soprano or tenor voice (or violin)," by Richard Farrell, Mus. Bac. Cantab (Weekes & Co.). It is not wonderful that Gounod's success in the attempt to found a melody on one of Bach's preludes should lead to further experiments in the same direction. But this tampering with a great master's works ought not to be encouraged, since it is impossible to tell where it will end. A composition of this kind is both inartistic and in bad taste. Apart, however, from the question of principle, it must be allowed that Mr. Farrell has done his work very well, and produced a clever song.

Mrs. Morton. You knock him down with one hand and pick him up with the other. Well, I have "Deux Moments Musicaux" for piano and violin, by Eugen Woycke (Edition Chanolet). No. 1 is an Adagio which strikes me as rather lacking in intention, and is what might be termed a "made-up" piece. No. 2, an Allegretto, pleases me better. It is a sprightly little composition, requiring nimble fingers, and a fair amount of technique to give it an effective rendering. Then I have a "Berceuse" for piano and violin or cello, by the pianist Albeniz (Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.). I can't say I think this very successful from the Berceuse point of view. It is extremely chromatic, rather dry, and could scarcely be considered soothing even by the most precocious baby.

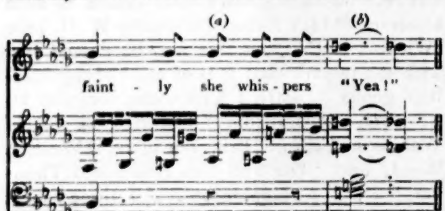
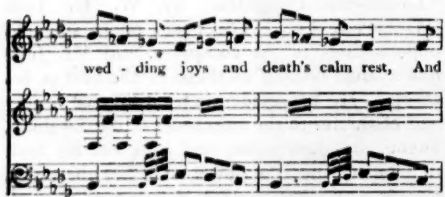
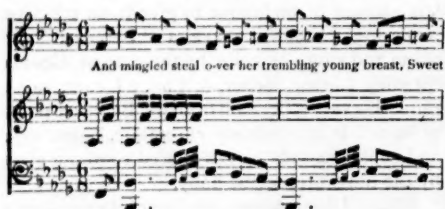
Boyne. I have a new setting of Longfellow's "Landlord's Daughter," by W. H. Jude (Wickins & Co.). The poem offers splendid opportunities to the composer, and Mr. Jude has availed himself of these to the best of his ability. He has evidently tried to give variety and character to the utterances of the Swabian, Saxon, and Bohemian, and it is not his fault that he has not the power of a Schubert or a Loewe, who alone could do full justice to such a theme. "Jack Ashore" is also by W. H. Jude (Wickins & Co.), but this may be passed over with the remark that it is of the "penny reading" genus. Lastly, I have three songs by H. F. Birch-Reynardson, "The Sea is full of Wandering Foam," "Bring her again, O Western Wind," and "The Full Sea Roars and Thunders" (J. & J. Hopkinson). All three songs are above the average in intention, if not always in execution. The first is a short composition in six flats, in which the idea of the restlessness of sea and wind is well indicated in the accompaniment. The second is more conventional in style, with a suave melody and flowing accompaniment. The third is the most ambitious and dramatic in design, but although undeniably clever, it is, to my mind, the least attractive of the three. I have brought a book that was sent me lately, called "Scottish Church Music; its Composers and Sources," by James Love (Blackwood & Sons). The book is chiefly valuable as a work of reference, containing, as it does, alphabetical indexes of Scotch hymn tunes and doxologies, together with short biographical notices of the composers whose works appear in the various Scotch hymn-books.

Miss Seaton. I have a semi-humorous song called "Nothing venture, Nothing have," by J. M. Palmer (Weekes & Co.), of which it may be sufficient to say that it would be understood, and no doubt appreciated, "of the people." In "Grannie's Story," by W. H. Jude (Wickins & Co.), the author has extravagantly used up most of the usual balladmonger's materials at once. There is grannie, the old arm-chair, the sailor sweetheart, and the drowning finale. The music is about on a par with the subject. "My Little Bo-peep," by Lindsay Lennox (The International Music Publishing Syndicate), is a nursery song, with a feebly pretty tune.

Loewe's Ballads and their Place in Musical History.

(Concluded.)

BESIDES "Sir Oluf," Op. 2 includes "Fair Red Rose," and a voice with a serviceable compass of two octaves (*f-f'*) will be able to make a very deep impression with it, in spite of a great deal of commonplace melody and some very unvocal intervals. The ghostly story is well told, and one very charming effect is (*b*) where Treuröschchen in the cold arms of her spectre lover feels in one moment the joy of love's fulness and the pang of death, and faintly whispers a consent.



The translation is not particularly happy, as the wrong accent at *a* exemplifies.

"The Fisherman" (Op. 43) has more elements of popularity in virtue of its æsthetic grace and equipoise. The themes have more melodic finish than in many of Loewe's songs, and the development of the story is better managed than usual. The old fault of wearisome reiteration of trivial motives is very noticeable, however, and such a modulation as at *a*



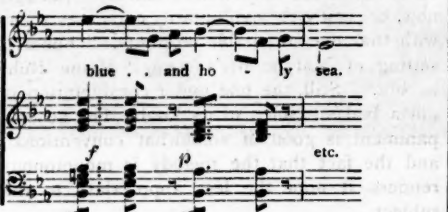
does credit neither to Loewe's innate sense of harmony nor to its education. The succession of chords is simple and common enough certainly, but the way the modulation is made is

very unworthy of an artist "the perfection of whose form has never been reached by subsequent composers."

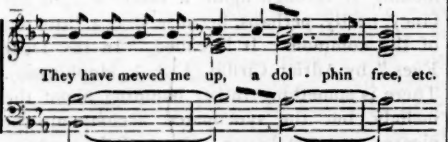
Another jump is made to Op. 78, and it may as well be said at once that the gaps between the Opus numbers do not seem to have been occupied by the composer in improving his technique. "The Lost Daughter" tells an uninteresting story in most appropriate music. The Volkslied style is again attempted, with even less success than in the "Three Wooers." The quasi-descriptive music in the middle is as poor as the English translation, and we hear of the interment of mother and daughter with great resignation. The fate of the minstrel and king is left shrouded in mystery.

Op. 114 is the "Monk of Pisa," an exceedingly "ordinary" song. I know many of those "drawing-room ballads—unfortunately so much in fashion in this country"—which Mr. Bach so despises, of infinitely more musical value and less sentimentality than this.

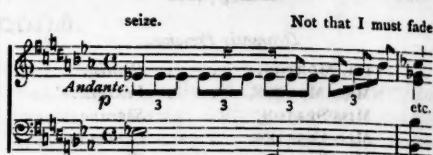
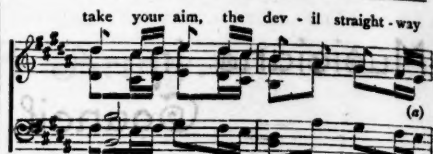
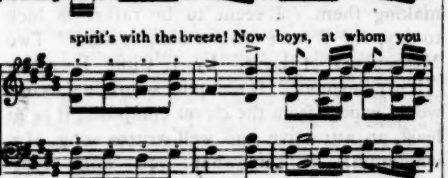
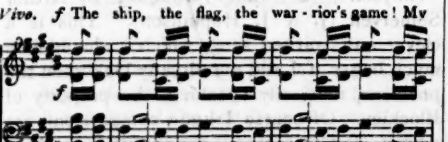
Op. 115 is again a splendid example of Loewe's more healthy style. An "Imprisoned Admiral" chafes his heroic soul in the misery of a dungeon far from his loved sea, and alternately yearns after it and freedom, recalls the joy of battle, and laments that he will not even be allowed to rest in the bosom of the ocean, but have sand heaped on his body like a dog. Again Loewe invites comparison with the better class of drawing-room ballads. The following few bars might easily be taken as from one of these—



And few of them contain weaker harmony than this—



One more quotation will show the expressive use Loewe occasionally makes of enharmonic modulation. The Admiral passes (at *a*) from a vision of battle to his lament.



If sung with spirit the "Imprisoned Admiral" would immediately become a great favourite, even with a popular audience,—it is so broad in style, so varied in expression, and so easy to understand.

Op. 118, "Odin's Ride over the Sea" is as famous as the "Erl King," and even more deservedly. I regret that the exigencies of space forbid quotation, but those who are interested will do well to procure the song for themselves. It is well worth careful study, but requires an expert accompanist. It should perhaps be pointed out to those who accept Mr. Bach's panegyric without question, that this "educated musician" and "creator of a perfect model for all time," has in this great song begun by rhyming his music in a different way from the poem. While the lines of the poem rhyme 1 and 3, 2 and 4, Loewe's music rhymes 1 and 2, 3 and 4.

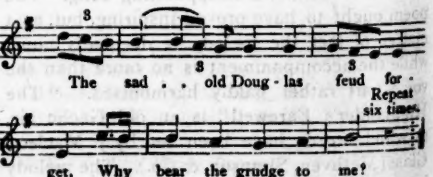
The three songs which remain may be shortly dismissed. "The Clock" (Op. 123) is a quaint poem of an old-fashioned "moral" turn, and the music is very simple—too simple, indeed, for the length of the song.

"The Nick" (Op. 129) has some charming phrases, and if a singer misses out some of its twelve pages (as Mr. Bach himself did at a concert last month), it makes a very pleasant song to listen to. "Nick" (except in connection with an elderly Spirit) and "Nicken" are not even English words, and the whole translation is better heard sung than read.

The last song to be mentioned is "Archibald Douglas," a Scotch ballad (Op. 128). Again a powerful inspiration seizes the attention, and compels the admiration in the first bars, which prelude the key of E \flat in that of G minor with peculiarly happy effect.



The motive appears later in the voice-part only a few bars before the inspiration leaves the unhappy composer. After a preliminary trial in G major the Earl hits upon the following irritating theme, and, regardless of danger, repeats it seven times consecutively before confiding it to the accompaniment.



King James shows wonderful patience, probably because his own theme to follow is little better, and the Earl presses his petition in one of the most helpless, "unbeholfenen" crescendos ever written. A "Ride" motive (p. 37) is transposed from G minor to G \sharp minor, then to

A minor, B \flat minor, and C minor, like nothing so much as a singing exercise. After a few commonplace bars (*Allegro*), the King bursts out in triumph into—the "Douglas theme," already twelve times heard, and the sixteen pages have at last exhausted all that poet and composer have to say. The ballad offers magnificent opportunities to a composer, but only in the first two pages does Loewe rise to the occasion, and the effect of the beginning, alas! is lost and forgotten long before the weary end is reached.

(This number is the most carelessly edited in the two volumes. A flat is wanting in the vocal part (p. 30); B \sharp (p. 41, bar 10) should be B \flat ; the accompaniment (p. 36, bar 8) is a third too low; on p. 40 "and" is printed for "an" and "new" for "now.")

"Archibald Douglas" is in fact an epitome of the lesson to be learned from this later study of Loewe's works. It shows his happy choice of subject, and his very unequal ability in sustained effort; his care to include dialogue, and his incapacity to give it consistent dramatic expression. It begins with a veritable inspiration which points with steady finger to the great dramatic development in music of to-day, proceeds to an almost incredibly wearisome reiteration of a too simple melodic subject, and in its very length invites the fate which has overtaken most of Loewe's compositions.

Loewe early learned and consistently taught the great lesson that, in music which is essentially dramatic, formal melody is neither necessary nor indeed very safe; but, however unmelodic Wagner's "Melos" occasionally is, it is never uninteresting nor commonplace, as is the case so very often with Loewe's vocal accompaniment.

Dr. Gehring's opinion, quoted at the beginning of these articles, is perhaps a little premature, but Mr. Bach's opinion is sadly wrong. We have certainly to thank him for directing earnest attention to a too little known musician, and to work which contains much that is good in itself and more that is interesting prophecy; but Loewe's day is gone, and the endeavour to rekindle enthusiasm for his compositions is absolutely futile. For the historian, the student, the composer, Loewe's ballads are full of lessons—for the musical public Loewe occupies, and will ever occupy, "einen überwundenen Standpunkt." Consequently we can listen with more æsthetic pleasure to a modern ballad by a man of much less genius, so long as it conforms to the standard of that development which is so indebted to Loewe and his fellow-workers.

Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert do not suffer when compared with any modern writer. "To him that is joined to all the living there is hope"—but Loewe is not one of these immortals, and, as the Preacher goes on to say in language more caustic than complimentary, "A living dog is better than a dead lion."—"Ein lebendiger Hund ist besser weder ein toter Loewe."

FRANKLIN PETERSON.

THE programme for the Hereford Festival is now complete. Hereford is essentially an English Festival, and the whole of the novelties will be from the pens of native composers, while the executants, from the principal vocalists down to the band—which will be led by Mr. Carrodus—and to the youngest member of the chorus, will be English to an individual. The vocalists engaged are Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Miss Mary Morgan, Messrs. Lloyd, Brereton, and Santley. Mr. G. R. Sinclair, formerly of Truro, but now of Hereford, will conduct. The Committee have also wisely decided to sell serial tickets for the Festival.

Mme. Marie de Lido.

MME. MARIE DE LIDO is one of the most charming and finished soprani now before the public. She has had a brilliant career, which began in 1878 when Mr. Mapleson engaged her for an opera season in New York. After winning golden opinions in the Yankee capital, she travelled through the States, and was everywhere received with applause, exciting great enthusiasm in "Robert le Diable" and other leading Italian Operas. She was prima donna at St. Petersburg, and afterwards went to Berlin, Italy, and England. Her strong affection for England and English life determined her to make this country her second home. She has appeared under Mr. Mapleson's ægis at the Italian Opera in London, but is best known in the metropolitan and provincial concert-rooms, and she



From photo, by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

is a great favourite in society. Mme. de Lido satisfies the most critical taste by her fine technique and finished style of singing. Her voice is still as fresh as a *débutante's*, but she adds to its natural charm the verve of a true artistic soul and the dramatic power of a born actress. Mme. de Lido possesses a face of great sensibility, and a mobile expression; she is of medium height, full of vivacity, entrain, and magnetism. She lives usually with her mother at Maida Hill, St. John's Wood. It has been a matter of some surprise that two such actresses and artists as Mme. de Lido and Mme. Valda have not been heard on the operatic stage in London during the present season.

MR. S. M'BRIDE and Mr. Ernest Delsart have just completed the libretto of a grand opera in four acts, which Mr. Henry J. Wood is writing for the new American soprano, Miss Alice Esty, who made her *début* at the recent Patti concert. The opera will be produced at a West-end Theatre about the third week in February.

How to Practise.

We propose to publish in our Music Supplement each month, for our young readers, a short piece by some one of the great masters, with explanatory remarks, which we hope may help them to understand and practise with pleasure the beautiful works which have interested and delighted generations of earnest students.

THE work which appears in our Supplement this month is rather more difficult than most of the pieces we have presented to our young readers. It is a short Scherzo by Mendelssohn (published after his death, and without an *opus* number), and we give it as a study of *staccato*, both in single notes and in chords. The key is B minor, and the time common.

At first, practise very slowly, with separate hands, and counting in quavers, that is, eight in a bar. Take only a few bars at a time, pay great attention to the fingering, and do not neglect the rests, as this kind of broken time is not easy to play equally and regularly. The left hand gives the accents almost all through.

Special practice will be necessary for such chord-passages as those at bars 5 and 6, 13 and 14, and 21-34, the chromatic progression in the right hand at bars 21-27, as well as the octaves which follow, being rather difficult to play. Bars 17, 18, and 19 should also be carefully studied, as the *staccato* in the right hand, against the smooth passage in the left, is troublesome. A very slight *crescendo* here will be advisable.

When the octaves occur on black notes, we have given the received fingering, that is, the thumb and third finger; but if the stretch of the hand is too short to admit of the third finger being comfortably used, the fourth must of course take its place. The concluding octave passage is not to be played *staccato*. This last passage must be played *fortissimo*, like the octaves at bars 28-34; all the rest of this little sketch is marked either *piano* or *pianissimo*. The spirit of the piece is dainty, fanciful, bright, but there is no want of energy in the conception of it, and it requires a great deal of energy on the part of the player. It must be studied note by note.

All the crotchets are to be held down their full length, and all the quavers, with the exception of those at the beginning of bars 10, 12, 37, 39, 41, and 45, and those in the concluding octave passage, are *staccato*.

The pedal must not be used, except where it is marked, viz. at the end of bars 8 and 10, and at the corresponding passages at bars 36-43.

We have given no metronome marks for this piece. We would say to our young students: You cannot play it too fast, if you play it perfectly. You cannot practise it too slowly.

Music's Mission.

Music! from thy holy tongue
Hath my listening spirit heard
Messages not sent by word,
Nor on lips of mortal hung.

Which ye tell with gentle speech,
That from strength of eloquence
Touches both in heart and sense,
Height and depth no words could reach!

Height and depth and range of thought
In which feeling lord-like dwells,
Where souls truant from their cells
Are in one close union brought.

For that souls themselves express,
Music is thy mission here;
Speaking what we feel and fear,
And our mouths cannot confess!

ERNEST QUANT.

Miss Liza Lehmann.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWES, M.A.

MISS LIZA LEHMANN comes of an artistic family; her father being Rudolf Lehmann, the well-known artist, and her mother one of the most gifted and charming of London hostesses. Miss Liza did not find the road to fame much of an uphill struggle. She stepped into her place without a struggle, and may be said to adorn it without a rival. Like Clifford Harrison among reciters, her niche amongst concert-singers is peculiarly marked out for by her special qualities, which cannot be reproduced or imitated. She possesses the ease of de Soria, the individuality of a Nita Gactano, and the fluid grace of an Alice Gomez; but in addition to all there is about her an indescribable dignity and refinement all her own. She is tall and queenly in appearance, but wins her public before she opens her mouth by a certain unassuming and graceful manner, which reminds us a little of Jenny Lind's unique manner and deportment; and like the incomparable Jenny, she knows how to come on and off the stage—a thing which most English singers not only don't know but can't learn. Miss Lehmann early attracted Mr. Arthur Chappell's notice, and has for some years past been a constant singer at the Monday Pops. She has also appeared frequently at the Crystal Palace, the Philharmonic, Novello's Oratorio Concerts, and she is an especial favourite in Scotland and throughout the English provinces. She possesses a clear and flexible but not heavy soprano. Her speciality is German songs of the best type, and she has done much to popularise some of Cowen's, MacCunn's, and Stanford's gems. "La Charmante Marguerite," by Gounod, is almost identified with her name in England. "Go, Rose," "Good Morrow, Gossip," and "Listen to the Voice of Love," are amongst her popular triumphs. Two albums of songs have appeared from her pen; one of her best known songs is perhaps "If thou wilt be the Falling Dew." Miss Liza is in the full freshness of her youth, beauty, and power, and no doubt has a fine career before her when she sighs for new worlds to conquer in America and Australia—she will, however, find it rather difficult to escape.

MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON tells a marvellous story how Joachim applauded her so vigorously at a concert that he strained his hands so that he could not play his violin solo.

♦ ♦ ♦

Musical Hostess: "Would you like a gavotte now, Mr. Wildwest?"

Mr. Wildwest: "Thank you, no; I don't care much for those foreign dishes. A plain ham sandwich is good enough for me."

♦ ♦ ♦

ORGANS with a fairly large number of pipes would seem to have been more common at an early period than it is generally supposed, to judge from contemporary literature. Rabelais, writing early in the 16th century, for instance, compares a ready well-drilled army to a concert of organ pipes, or the wheels of a clock; an apt comparison, by the way.

A Memorable Night with Browning, Chorley, Spohr, and Mendelssohn.

[From the *American Art Journal*.]

IT was towards the end of the summer of 1843 that Robert Browning and the writer went to dine with H. F. Chorley, the able musical critic of the London *Athenaeum*. He lived in Victoria Square, a neat little place of the prettiest and nearly the smallest houses we have seen, being only intended for a bachelor; or, at the outside, a married couple during the honeymoon, when, it is natural to suppose, they don't want to be out of each other's sight and hearing. Opposite to Chorley lived Thomas Campbell, "The Pleasures of Hope" man, as Jerrold used to call him, in distinction to another acquaintance of his, Lord Campbell, the law lord. Chorley had made the most of his *bijou* of a dwelling; the dining-room was the front parlour, the back parlour was his writing-room, and where he kept his books; while the first floor, as they call the second floor in England, was the music and drawing-room. Here was a most capital piano, one of Broadwood's best, mellowed by time and judicious playing, for we need hardly add that Chorley was a most tasteful and accomplished musician both on the violoncello and piano; the latter he touched with peculiar grace and soul, bringing out of its wire and wooden frame tones steeped in the very deepest pathos.

After a very light and *recherché* dinner—where judicious ounces artistically cooked were more effective than pounds clumsily presented—and which we washed down with wines so very light and temperate that, had they been lighter they would have soared to the simplicity of water, we dismissed the soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, and took to our dessert, where the same elegant economy was displayed—a little of each kind of fruit, fresh and dry olives, with a pint bottle of champagne, half a decanter of port, the third of a decanter of sherry, the fourth of a decanter of madeira, a small exquisitely-cut pitcher of fragrant claret, and last and first a pint of tokay in its original arm-a-kimbo coffin, urn, bottle, or sarcophagus, whichever the reader considers as most appropriate. We ought to remark here that neither Chorley, Browning, nor ourself had then even touched a cigar or pipe. By the bye, Chorley now and then took the tiniest pinch of fragrant snuff that ever titillated the olfactory nerves of an exquisite.

While we see him stand before us in our mind's eye, let us sketch Chorley. In person he was slender, and about five feet eight inches in height; his eyes were a pale blue, his hair light red, something between the carrot and the sandy; his complexion was not clear, but somewhat sallow, sicklied over with the pale cast of thought and affectation. He was a scrupulously exact dresser, although his taste was eccentric, since he delighted in the loud; for example, with pinkish grey eyes and light sandy hair he combined a bright blue necktie and a shawl vest of brilliant pattern. All these discordances were, however, harmonised by his gentlemanly and engaging manners, despite a voice of the very squeakiest kind, which, strange to add, he now and then tortured into so melodious a shape that we have heard him sing on special and exceptional occasions

a canzonet from the French with great taste, feeling, and effect. As a crowning spell thrown into this cauldron of pinkish blue eyes, pale reddish hair, side whiskers of the same semi-sandy and carrot colour, light blue necktie, rainbow vest, squeaky voice and measly smile, the happy possessor of these numerous charms had a very mincing style of pronunciation. His conversation was, however, intellectual and entertaining; he had read much, travelled much, and wrote a very good, strong style, somewhat disfigured, however, by an attempt to crowd too many ideas into one sentence.

After dessert we all went upstairs to the drawing-room. Browning straightway sat down to the piano, and played with great power and taste several favourite pieces; among others, a fine composition which he declared was the tune the Normans sung as they came over the sea to the conquest of England. He had finished, and we were all engaged in a desultory conversation on music and everything else, when a coach stopped, and the next instant a thundering double knock shook the street door. As visitors were very frequent to the musical critic of so influential a paper as the *Athenaeum*, we continued our conversation, which was suddenly interrupted by Chorley's servant entering the room and telling him that two gentlemen wished to see him. Chorley immediately went downstairs, and in a few minutes returned, followed by the two visitors.

"My dear friends, let me have the pleasure of introducing to you Mr. Spohr and Mr. Mendelssohn."

After exchanging salutations we sat down and entered into conversation. More than forty-five years have passed, and yet I see them all around me.

Spohr had a massive, almost heavy face, fine forehead and bald head, deep and solemn eyes, but his head seemed awkwardly placed on his shoulders, and gave one the impression of a lethargic nature. His voice was deep, and he spoke with great deliberation. He was evidently very little of the man of the world.

Mendelssohn was quite in contrast to Spohr. Tall and elegantly formed, with very dark hair and most expressive eyes—almost black; moustache and whiskers neatly trimmed, although sufficiently luxurious not to be prim; a winning and half melancholy smile; a most soft, almost womanly tenderness of address, and a voice of peculiar sweetness and depth made the great composer of dream music a most interesting person.

We had a glorious night till three o'clock (in the morning), Spohr on the violoncello, which he played as Milton might be supposed to play on the organ, accompanying Mendelssohn, who played with true inspiration on the piano. We had some selections from Spohr's own opera of "Faust," and several pieces of Mendelssohn's.

THERE is a report of a "free theatre" in America, to be founded and supported by capitalists who wish to encourage art for art's sake, who, in their choice of works will not be troubled by the query, "Will it pay?"

SIMS REEVES AND THE CLOCK.—The sensitiveness of Sims Reeves is well known amongst those who are intimately acquainted with him. A week or two ago he was singing at a concert in the Ryde Town Hall, and when in the midst of the most affecting part of that old favourite of his, "Tom Bowling," the clock in the tower above commenced to chime the hour. He waited until the clock had finished striking ten (the pianist meanwhile endeavouring to drown the sound), and repeated the verse

Some Current Hypotheses concerning the Rhythmical Structure of Anglican Chants.

BY ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD, MUS. DOC. T.C.T., F.C.O., L. MUS. T.C.I., L. MUS. L.C.M.

WHATEVER amount of interest the readers of this article may take in the subject of chanting in general, they are doubtless all of them familiar with either the appearance or the sound of the short musical sentence which goes under the name of an Anglican Chant. This species of musical composition, together with the hymn tune, the anthem, and the service, enjoys the distinction of being a form peculiar to English church music, and as such is worthy of the attention of all interested in the history and progress of national art. Into the history of the Anglican chant, which had its origin a little more than two hundred years ago, we do not now propose to enter. Our intention is rather to accept the Anglican chant as a *fait accompli*, and endeavour to place before our readers some of the theories which have been advanced in order to account for its peculiar rhythmic construction.

This peculiarity consists, in a single chant, of the existence of a seven-bar section, or, in a double chant, of two seven-bar sections—a double chant being, as everybody should know, equal in length and similar in construction to two single chants. The division of this seven-bar section into two phrases or sub-sections of three and four bars respectively, will be clearly understood from the following skeleton outline:—



Now, eight being the number of bars proper to a regular musical section, it is evident that a seven-bar section is nothing less than an anomaly. The foregoing outline must therefore be deficient of one bar, to account for which three distinct theories have been advanced. According to the position they would assign to the eliminated bar, these theories may be classified as follows:—1st, a theory inserting a bar at the *beginning* of the section, i.e. at the *recitation*; 2nd, a theory inserting a bar at the *end* of the section, i.e. at the *whole cadence*; and 3rd, a theory inserting a bar at the end of the third bar of the foregoing outline, i.e. at the *half cadence*, or end of first sub-section, thus regarding the present structure as an instance of what is known as "overlapping," a term to be explained presently.

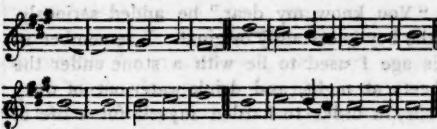
Another theory, which need not detain us here, would regard the Anglican chant as an elastic structure partaking of the nature of ancient melody, as regards the freedom of its rhythmical outline, and not requiring bars or formal rhythmical *cæsurae*. But the history of the form, and the fact that some of the earliest specimens of Anglican chants were written out with clearly defined bars and double bars, although considerable uncertainty as to their actual position seems sometimes to have prevailed, should be a sufficient refutation of this theory.

A coincidence, unworthy of the name of a theory, may here be noted. It is that the two sections of an Anglican chant phrase are identical, as regards the number of beats or syllables, with the first and third lines of a hymn of the metre 4, 4, 6. For instance, in the following hymn of Lyte—

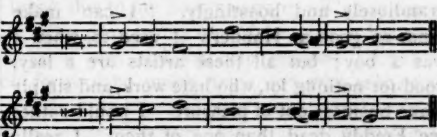
"My God, my King,
Thy praise I sing,
My heart is all Thine own;
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
I yield to Thee alone"—

the first (or second), third, fourth (or fifth), and sixth lines will be found to contain the same number of syllables or beats as any ordinary double chant. This can only be a mere coincidence, because we know that in a common metre hymn, of which the above is really an example, a prolongation takes place at the end of the line containing six syllables, so that the words can be set to an ordinary eight-bar phrase, having the accents so placed as to correspond with those of the poetry.

Passing on to consider the first of the theories before stated, a theory which would add a bar to the recitation, we should, in accordance with this hypothesis, write out the well-known chant of Dupuis in A (originally written in B♭) thus:—



This theory has but little to recommend it, and if we write out the selected chant as below, omitting all superfluous bars, we shall see that the cadences close upon the weaker instead of upon the stronger accent:—

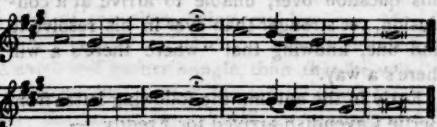


By playing this through, and strongly accentuating the notes marked >, its bad effect will be at once apparent.

In considering the second theory, one which has the support of Sir John Stainer, it will be observed that the first sub-section is extended so as to include the second reciting note, and that a prolongation of one bar is made at the whole cadence, i.e. the end of the first section, the idea in this as in the other hypotheses being to secure equal sub-sections of four bars each. Our chant will now appear as follows:—



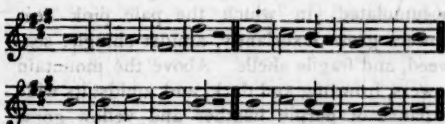
or, by omitting superfluous bars, thus—



The pauses indicate the position of the second and fourth reciting notes. The *ad libitum* lengthening of these notes, which would be necessary if a number of words had to be sung to each of them, would not perceptibly disturb the rhythm, because, as Sir John Stainer re-

marks, "the second and fourth reciting notes are the *end* and *not the beginning* of a limb of the sentence, they can therefore be, by universal assent, extended to any required length without injury to the form, whether this extension of their duration is made for purposes of recitation or not." The extension of the first and third reciting notes may be explained by the fact, that this extension is caused by the singing of words outside the accent or imaginary bar which, in pointing, marks the commencement of strict time. Such extension is therefore outside the rhythm altogether—in fact, before the musical phrase is really commenced, the ear accepting the accented word as the starting-point of the rhythm proper.

The last theory, which is stated in full by the late Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley in his *Treatise on Musical Form and General Composition*, differs from the preceding theories, not only on account of the point at which it proposes to insert the eliminated bar, but because it postulates the existence of what is technically termed "overlapping," i.e. the commencement of one section or sub-section before the previous one is concluded, the same note thus serving as the final note of one section and the initial note of the next. To exhibit this hypothesis we should have to make our chant read thus—



If the superfluous bars were expunged, this form would present the same objection as the first, viz.—the cadences, at least those at the end of the second and fourth lines, would come upon the weaker instead of the stronger accents. But, on the other hand, this theory offers least violence to the melodic structure of the chant, and has this further advantage, that (to quote the words of the late Oxford professor who supported this theory) "the notes which are here supposed to do double duty, and to act in two capacities at once, are always *reciting notes* (i.e. notes of indefinite length, on which long pauses are generally made), and are therefore exceptionally well adapted for the purpose."

Although we have not in this article placed our own opinions before our readers, but rather stated some current hypotheses concerning the rhythmical structure of the Anglican chant, leaving our readers to select the one which they believe to be most clearly demonstrated, yet it may not be altogether out of place to say that we regard the first theory as untenable, and should give in our adhesion to that supported by Stainer or Ouseley, at present preferring the former of the two. We are not anxious to vindicate any particular hypothesis, but, by stating all such theories as are entitled to any respect whatever, together with the opinions of better and wiser men than ourselves upon the same, we hope to cause our readers to take a more intelligent interest than before in the production, the performance, and the preservation of that truly national art form, the Anglican chant.

Music Study Abroad.

A STORY.

BY ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

CHAPTER II.

SOME distance from Dundrum, amidst enchanting scenery, Bray, a favourite seaside resort of the Dublin citizens, is situated; and here Freddy came, on his being sufficiently recovered to return from London.

The town, long and handsome, is built along the coast, and at that end farthest from Dublin is bounded by a bold and savage promontory rising clear from the sea, and called "The Head." On clear summer days the coasts of Wales can be faintly discerned from this, and the view from all sides is one endlessly beautiful. Like all fashionable bathing-places, Bray has lost its country air, and with its handsome houses, well-laid-out villas, its long esplanade filled with gaily dressed crowds and numerous shops, has quite a city aspect; but once on the Head, nature, pure and unspoiled, and in its wildest mood, is to be found. Down below the waves dash angrily, even on the most smiling of summer days, against jagged rocks that lie about as if some inward convulsion of nature had hurled them together, careless of confusion; whilst in the more sheltered nooks, large masses of sand turned up by high waves have accumulated, in which the pale pink sea-flowers grow luxuriantly, amidst shingle, seaweed, and fragile shells. Above the mountain towers, frowning and dark, and amidst its wide expanse of purple heather and yellow gorse the grouse and wild duck make their nests, and the goats house behind the shelter of the rocks and fern in luxurious solitude. In short, Bray has endless charms for the lover of nature, and at every turn one discovers some new beauty, some lovelier scene; but for once Freddy looked on all without enjoyment. Nothing could pacify his sorrow.

Somewhere on the shores of the Baltic, not far from Russia's northern capital, Rubinstein was wiling away the summer hours; and as Freddy sat amidst the rocks, he looked seawards, and pined ceaselessly to be near his hero. The magic of the great pianist's music seemed to have entered his soul, and driven him mad; day and night he heard the tones of the Erard pianoforte Rubinstein had used; and when all Bray was out in the moonlight listening to the bands, Freddy stayed at home planning and plotting means to get away from Ireland, whilst he sat at the pianoforte with Beethoven or Chopin or Schumann on the music-desk before him; for this musing boy, surrounded by every comfort that a father's love could procure him, fully imagined himself the most miserable being in Ireland.

Neither Mr. Bourke nor the rest of the family noticed Freddy's distraction, and the lawyer was most disagreeably surprised one day when Freddy came to him and begged to be allowed to study music abroad.

"What," said Mr. Bourke sternly. "Study music abroad! Are you mad?"

"No," said Freddy sturdily; "I have thought about it long."

"Humph! indeed. So this is your gratitude for my allowing you to rush off on that mad

journey with Subinstein or Bubinstein or Rubinstein, or whatever that long-haired fiddler fellow is called; a pretty disgrace this you want to plant in the family. You a Rubinstein!"

"O papa; not that, not that; never a Rubinstein," said Freddy, with his face suffused in blushes. "Only a piano player."

"Not another word, sir," said Mr. Bourke decisively. "You shall go to college when you have finished your school; and although I shall not prevent you choosing a profession, I can certainly promise you that a penny of my money shall never go towards your studying music abroad; and if you continue to entertain such a low notion," continued Mr. Bourke determinedly, "I shall tear every scrap of music in the house, and lock every piano, or sell them."

Freddy raised his blue eyes to his father's face in mute reproach, and something like a sob rose in his throat, that caused him to turn hastily away; then leaving the house, he went out to the solitude of the Head, where he passed a day of misery and melancholy—all his soul in arms at the miserable worldly spirit that prevented his father's understanding his aspirations and dreams, till evening and hunger drove him back again to the home where he was, as he imagined, misjudged and misunderstood so cruelly.

The same evening Mr. and Mrs. Bourke were out walking, and with a smile the lawyer related his interview with Freddy.

"You know, my dear," he added seriously, "the boy is certainly original. I remember at his age I used to lie with a stone under the sheets at night, and drink water out of dirty wells, in order to harden myself for a life of adventure at sea. Every boy dreams of being a sailor—but a piano player!"

"But Freddy is musical," said Mrs. Bourke after reflection; "he can play anything after once hearing it."

"Well, and so can I," said the lawyer grandiosely and boastfully. "I can make tunes as good as Handel's—I used to, when I was a boy; but all these artists are a lazy, good-for-nothing lot, who hate work, and simply make business out of pleasure. I would rather see Freddy dead than one of them. I really don't know how it comes that all the children have got such a taste for music; three violins and a piano going all day, and I heard Freddy and Charlie yesterday concocting to buy a flute." Mr. Bourke put as much meaning in the word flute, as if it were something treasonable. "Of course I am very glad that the children should have accomplishments; but Freddy's idea of being an artist is too much of a good thing."

After that the matter dropped; but although Mr. Bourke made no further remark, he grew more particular with Freddy, and never allowed him a chance of going to the piano when he could help it, which naturally made the boy fonder and fonder of his beloved music, and more than ever determined, by fair means or foul, to get abroad to study.

Morning, noon, and night, Freddy pondered this question over, unable to arrive at a conclusion, yet stronger than ever in his resolve to find one, knowing that "where there's a will there's a way."

Early in the autumn the following letter from Bertie Cavendish arrived for Freddy:—

"CANNONBURY CATHEDRAL SCHOOL,
August 1881.

"MY DEAR FREDDY,—How are you, old chap? and what are you doing? My dad has consented at last, and in two weeks I am off to

S—; so you can suppose I am scraping away all day at my fiddle, playing no end of Kreutzer, and cramming German; and with all my Cathedral work, you can imagine what I have to do. I shall be awfully sorry to leave all the chaps here; it will seem funny not to be getting into one's surplice in the morning to sing the anthem, and to have no more rehearsals; but my voice is nearly cracked, and so I can consider myself lucky, as it wouldn't hold out three months longer. Have you spoken strongly to your dad, and put the screw on at all points? I am sure you are a born genius, and when my poor governor lets me go to Germany, why cannot yours? You can live in Germany, and pay all your fees for £10 a month; and if you rough it, and club with another fellow, for half that; and the life is the jolliest under the sun. Write soon, old chap, and tell me all the news. I hope I may hear the glorious intelligence that you accompany me.—Yours truly,

"B. CAVENDISH.

"P.S.—Will write next from Germany."

This letter threw Freddy into a state of excitement, bordering on frenzy. *Ten pounds a month, or the half of it*—for this the magic world of German music would be open to him; for this, he could study his muse under the skies that sheltered Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann; for this the paradise of his dreams would be his, and he could hear Rubinstein.

He wrote a letter of despair to Cavendish, and a few days later, when his father was away grouse-shooting in the Wicklow mountains, he opened out his heart to his mother.

But nothing was of use. Mrs. Bourke merely rebuked him. Fate seemed utterly against him, and in the early winter months the Bourkes' town house in Kildare Street was got ready, and the little Bourkes with their violins and music were transplanted to Dublin, the wooden spades and buckets were put away till next year; and Freddy, broken-hearted, went back to school.

When the winter arrived, matters at home were more comfortable; for except on such evenings as Freddy's father and mother gave a dinner or reception, they were invariably out at dinners, parties, balls, or the theatre; and so Freddy, returning from school about three o'clock, set to and had all his lessons learned before dinner-time (seven o'clock); and then his father and mother being away, he sat down to the piano, and played on till midnight; or with his sisters and brothers, played through sonatas and trios for strings and pianoforte. Then, too, the concerts commenced, and with the beautiful music on Sundays at St. Patrick's, Freddy began to feel that after all life was endurable, even if one couldn't study music abroad, nor be with Rubinstein.

About this time, too, a longing came over the boy, not only to hear music, but to write it, and the consequence was that M.S. music began to be seen on his pianoforte; and in the privacy of his own rooms on Sunday afternoons Freddy sat engrossed, pen in hand, at his desk, dotting down the minims and quavers and crotchets that occurred to him; and then, when some composition would be finished, he would play it over to his brothers and sisters, who began to look on their eldest brother as a very big person indeed, quite a genius.

In the beginning of January the violin professor who gave lessons to the young Bourkes happened on one occasion to meet their father, and was loud in his praises of his pupils' talent and ability; and he not only begged Mr. Bourke to allow them to practise, but strongly advised him not to be so harsh with Freddy, that a talent such as his should not be

glected, and without delay he should be placed under a good master, for Mr. Bourke had refused to allow Freddy to have lessons, fearing to disturb his studies.

Mr. Bourke heard in silence, but would promise nothing, for it had simply become a mania with him to stop the music studying amongst his children; and in one sense he was not to be blamed, for often, when he let himself in with his latchkey,—if he knocked, every instrument was suddenly silenced, for every child in the house knew his knock,—he was treated to the following:—In the drawing-room overhead Freddy was sure to be at the piano-forte; in the dining-room or his study his youngest daughter would be playing one violin, in her own bedroom on the third floor another daughter would be playing a second; and in a little room not far off from the kitchen, that had once been a pantry, but had been fitted up by the boys, and christened the “den,” his second son Charlie would be labouring away at the violoncello.

This conglomeration of sounds to a busy lawyer, tired after the bustle and worry of hours spent fighting lawyers’ battles in the law courts, was certainly not calculated to give him a love for music; and with set lips Mr. Bourke invariably went first to Charlie, but the den only being able to be opened from the inside,—the boys had arranged this for greater privacy,—the lawyer had to knock sharply with his stick, and, when Charlie opened it, his temper would already be up, and he would cry angrily, “Look here, Charlie, you had better stop that *bull*!” (Mr. Bourke’s name for the ‘cello). Charlie being silenced, Mr. Bourke would then quickly make his way up to the youngest daughter, a little maiden of six, her father’s pet, and in kinder tones would say, “Look, dear, I’ve got a headache;” then up two flights of stairs to the drawing-room to Freddy, but words were unnecessary here, for one look from his father’s eye, as he put his head around the corner of the door, was enough for him; and then, if the servants had not already warned the violin on the third story, Mr. Bourke would stand on the lobby, and in stentorian tones cry angrily, his annoyance having increased, “Nelly, stop that row at once, if you don’t want me to go up and smash that d—d fiddle!”

Then silence would settle down in the house for the rest of the time their father remained at home, and the little Bourkes would heave useless sighs, and put away their instruments and music sadly.

But brighter days were dawning for Freddy. During the school year, despite his assiduous cultivation of music, Freddy made very pronounced progress, carrying away prizes in Greek and Latin, and showing such capacity for declamation in a school-play acted by the boys, that Mr. Bourke, in tones of delight, whispered to his wife, “Julia, my dear, that boy will sit on the Bench yet;” for Mr. Bourke’s one ambition was to see his eldest son a famous barrister, and of course, later on, a judge.

Freddy himself was indifferent—nothing mattered since he could not be a piano player; and when his father presented him with a handsome volume on Roman Law, Freddy took it with thanks, and read it through as a duty; and, strange to say, it was through this very volume, later on, that he was enabled to leave Ireland, as may be seen by following events.

The spring had almost arrived when Freddy received a long letter from Germany, the second from Bertie Cavendish. He wrote as follows:—

“S—, March 1882.

“MY DEAR FRED,—I should have written you long ago in answer to your three letters,

but there is so much to be done that it is quite impossible to find an hour; and besides that, I am a little out of spirits, and yet, old fellow, this life is glorious. I cannot conceive how I must one day return to England. I get up at 5 A.M., and a sweet little Gretchen brings me coffee with little rolls about six; then I do a good three hours’ practice of exercises till nine, when we have breakfast; and breakfast over, I go to the Con. Twice a week I have violin lessons, twice a week harmony and counterpoint, once a week an orchestra class, and once history of music, so that my entire mornings are spent at the Con. I only live a stone’s throw from this, and so when I return I sit down to my harmony or musical exercises for an hour. Then we have dinner from one till two, after which I fiddle away till five or six. We are an awful lot in this *pension*; some of them are girls, prim-stiff things; but the boys are clever fellows. And after tea at six, when we don’t go to the opera or to concerts, we all take a walk till supper-time at eight; or we have music, and then, after supper, different people—professors and that class—drop in, and we play whist or dominoes or chess, and drink beer, and listen to scandal, the girls sitting round the big dining-table with some sort of rubbishy work; but by ten o’clock we are all up to our rooms. Altogether, old fellow, it’s an awfully jolly life; but there—no shirking work here, and if your mean old gov. allows you to come next year, take my advice, and stick to your technical studies like a man, for that’s where we English boys all fail. They go in here terribly for ground-work, and don’t seem to care much what pieces you play, provided your exercises are perfect. I am sorry to say, instead of being far on as they all told me in England, I find I am woefully behind. I am still quite in a low class, and instead of having a finishing year or two as I thought at first, I find I have got at least three or four, perhaps even five years to study; and I don’t know how to break this to my poor governor. This is the only bitter drop in my cup of happiness, but it is a great one, and you can imagine I don’t look forward to going home, for they will be expecting heaven only knows what in brilliance and virtuosity from me, and I am hammering away, or rather sawing away at a lot of beastly *études*. Don’t tell this to any one, old chap, if you should see any of my people in London;—and, by the way, what has become of Leslie Cameron? If only you and he were here, what jolly trios for piano, violin, and ‘cello we might have! Write soon, old chap, and let me have all the news. What on earth are your Irish people doing, sawing away poor cattle and shooting landlords? Which side are you—orange or green?—Yours ever,

“B. CAVENDISH.”

To this Freddy sent the following reply:—

“KILDARE ST., D—, April 1882.

“MY DEAR BERTIE,—Thanks awfully for your jolly scrawl. What a gorgeous life you are having. I am still at the old thing—happy when I can get an hour or two to practise, and the rest of the time doing my lessons. My pater is a regular *old mule*. I believe heaven and earth will sooner mingle, than that he will give his consent; but all the same I never lose hope. Sooner or later I will go abroad, no matter how I do it. Next season I shall enter the Royal Irish Academy of Music here. I wrung that out of him, for I got two firsts in Greek and Latin, and a gold medal for declamation; and when he asked me what I would like to have as a reward, I said lessons at the R.I.A.M.; and so, although he looked

daggers, he had to give in. I am only looking forward to one thing—the pater goes abroad soon for a few weeks, taking me with him, and one of the places he visits will be Weimar, so I am hoping that Liszt may be there, and that I shall get a peep at him. Next week we have a school concert, and one of the performers will be Master F. Bourke. I don’t exactly feel nervous, but not having lessons now I don’t feel very sure; but I daresay it will go off. I play every year. Cameron goes next year, he writes me, to S—. He has been having lessons from Hollman. What an awfully good dad he has; for his last birthday he bought him a ‘cello that cost £300. You are all lucky beggars in comparison to me, forced to rot in this Emerald Isle like an old potato. Of course I have heard lots of good music. Norman Neruda and Hollman and some of the best artists have been here, but it is terrible not to be allowed to study, and yet go about all day with music in your head and breast. Sometimes I could drown myself.—Yours,

“F. B.

“P.S.—My papa is a landlord, so I have to be orange; but my heart is green.”

(To be continued.)

Liszt and the Czar.

ANY years ago, while in Russia, Liszt was commanded to play before the late Emperor at the Palace of Tsarskoe-Selo or Peterhoff (we do not remember which), and while in the act of improvising some sublime piece or other, his Majesty held converse with the Empress and other members of the Royal Family, and this in a sufficiently loud tone to irritate in no small degree the nerves of the composer. Liszt suddenly stopped, and the Emperor noticing the general silence (usually consequent upon such an occasion) requested the executant to go on. Liszt rose from his seat, and, making a profound bow to the Emperor, said, “*Sire, quand les rois parlent tout doit se taire.*” The Czar, who was quick to catch a witty *mot*, felt the sting—since Liszt considered himself *le roi de l’art* in music if the Czar was *roi d’une nation*—and the musician was handed his passport the following morning, the meaning of which implied a courteous request to cross the frontier.

WHEN a meeting was held to decide upon a monument to Dean Stanley, Lord Granville observed:—

“I believe the Dean had no appreciation whatever of music, and it is perhaps the one art which with most difficulty fits in with the individual life of man. The Dean told me he was very little influenced by music, but he had much greater pleasure, from historical association, in listening to a hymn of Luther or of Charles Wesley than to the most exquisite harmony of Mozart or Beethoven.”

While this was the case with the Dean of Westminster, Stanley’s great friend Thirlwall was very fond of music, especially of the songs of Wales and Italy.

Queen Victoria, it is well known, is not only fond of music, but is an excellent pianist with a wonderfully correct ear. The Baroness Bloomfield in her “Reminiscences” relates how on one occasion the Queen desired her to sing, and she, “in fear and trembling sang one of Grisi’s famous airs, but omitted a shake at the end. The Queen’s quick ear immediately detected the omission, and, smiling, her Majesty said, ‘Does not your sister shake, Lady Normandy?’ to which Lady Normandy promptly replied, ‘Oh yes, ma’am, she is shaking all over!’—*Temple Bar.*”

Music in Dresden.

A RETROSPECT.

THE recent musical season in Dresden has been rather a disappointing one, at least as far as the opera is concerned. The Dresden Hof-theater has hitherto held its own among the theatres of Germany, but the loss of one of the two principal baritones, Herr Bulss, who has been secured for Berlin, and the absence during six months of the year of Herr Gudehus, the Wagner tenor, have wofully diminished the excellence of the performances, particularly those of Wagnerian opera, for which Dresden was formerly renowned. At the present time the company can boast of two or three good sopranos, one first-rate baritone, Herr Scheidemantel, and one tolerable tenor. The perfection of the orchestra, however, and the admirable training of the chorus, go far to compensate for this lack of "stars." We are glad to learn that another Wagner tenor and a baritone of the first rank have been engaged, and therefore it is probable that the next season will be better than the last.

The principal novelty of the year has been Mascagni's one-act opera, "*Cavalleria Rusticana*," which, under the somewhat clumsy title of "*Sizilianische Bauernhehre*," has made no less extraordinary a sensation in Dresden than in Rome, Vienna, and Buda-Pesth. Contrary to the usual practice at Dresden, where the *répertoire* is extremely varied, the "*Bauernhehre*" has been given on an average twice a week since its production early in the year, and always before crowded houses. By the middle of May this opera had already brought a sum of upwards of 100,000 marks into the theatrical treasury. It was little wonder, therefore, that Herr Schuch, the director, should have thought it worth while to make a journey to Italy expressly to secure the performing rights of two, if not three, new operas by Mascagni, in which object he was, we understand, successful. It is not too much to predict that Mascagni is the "coming man," since he combines the science and brilliant instrumentation of modern Germany with a true Italian gift of original and spontaneous melody.

The "*Bauernhehre*" being a one-act piece, it was necessary to supplement it by a variety of short operas. Gluck's "*Orfeo*" was often given at the same time, and although not well cast, the fine choruses and accompaniments were rendered to perfection. Frl. von Chavanne, the one Dresden contralto, is, like so many modern contraltos, a mezzo-soprano in disguise. She possesses fine ringing high notes, but her middle register is already worn, and her chest-notes sound forced and unnatural. These defects are probably partly due to a faulty method.

One disadvantage of the demand for short pieces was that a couple of pantomime ballets, entitled "*Der Kinderweihnachtsraum*" and "*Die Puppenfee*," were constantly performed during the winter and spring months. These, although very prettily mounted, and excusable perhaps at Christmas time, could not be considered worthy of a Hof-theater reputation at any other time of year, the music being of the most trivial order.

Another novelty of some importance was a grand romantic opera, entitled "*Melusine*," by Herr Gramman, a composer who has written a large number of pretty *Lieder*, and who is at this time resident in Dresden. "*Melusine*"

was first produced some fifteen years ago, but met with indifferent success. Herr Gramman has since re-written and re-modelled his work, and cannot, for a second time, complain of unappreciative audiences. Great pains were taken with the mounting of this opera, the cast of which besides was the best that the resources of the theatre could provide. Its career commenced, however, unfavourably, the first performance having to be postponed at least half a dozen times, owing to the severe illness of the principal soprano, Frl. Malten. At length, on May 23, "*Melusine*" was given for the first time before a house that was crowded in every part, and achieved a most decided success.

The story of *Melusine*, the water-nymph who marries a mortal, will probably be familiar to most of our readers. It will be remembered that the "moral" is much the same as that of *Lohengrin*, only in this case the sexes are reversed. The bride claims from her husband permission to absent herself on moonlight nights, and adjures him not to follow her, or attempt to discover the spell that draws her away. Curiosity, however, "woman's failing, but man's incurable disease," causes him to disregard her warning, and finally brings about the catastrophe that ends in the destruction of his castle, his own death, and the return of *Melusine* to her watery home for good. Nearly all the interest in the libretto is centred in these two personages, but a villainous brother, a most objectionable mother, and Peter the Hermit are introduced and provided with minor rôles.

Herr Gramman has evidently taken Wagner for his model, or perhaps it would be more correct to say Wagner's early manner. The vocal portion is chiefly in the declamatory style, while the instrumentation is elaborate and often brilliant. Two of the most interesting numbers are a fine trio for contralto, tenor, and bass, in the third act, and a most spirited and effective march in the last act, where a procession of Crusaders is introduced, with Peter the Hermit at their head. "*Melusine*" was repeated several times to large audiences before the Opera House was closed for the annual six weeks' holiday on June 30.

The concert season was as usual most varied and delightful. A long list might be given of the artists who passed through Dresden and gave one or more performances, but it is sufficient to mention such names as Sarasate, Paderewski, Carreño, D'Albert, Alice Barbi, Patti, and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel. Besides the artist concerts were several performances of oratorio, and the six grand Sinfonie Concerts that are given every winter by the opera orchestra, when the finest music may be heard played to absolute perfection. A spare evening may always be pleasantly spent at the smoking concerts held in the Gewerbehause or the Philharmonie, where one may eat one's supper very agreeably to the accompaniment of an excellent string band.

Before quitting the subject of concerts it is impossible to refrain from expressing a wish that the example set by the Germans in the management of these entertainments might be followed in London. For instance, as a rule, all the seats are numbered and reserved, a great convenience to busy people who cannot pay for the most expensive seats, and have not the time to waste in securing unreserved places half an hour beforehand. Then, again, the programmes, which consist merely of a sheet of thin paper, containing the names of the pieces, are always gratis, while the "book of the words," a double sheet of paper, is never more than a penny. How much more sensible and practical

is this than the elaborate volume of thick paper, with broad margins, for which we pay sixpence or a shilling at London concerts. In Germany the price of the "book" probably covers its expenses, while in England a most usurious profit must be made, judging from the mass of advertisements which render its contents difficult to discover.

After the annoyances caused by late-comers and irrepressible talkers at English concerts, the uniformity of public opinion in Germany with regard to the suppression of all noise is most refreshing. Mr. Henschel, indeed, went so far as to print upon his programmes a polite request that the audience would refrain from turning over the leaves during the rendering of a song!

Another great addition to the enjoyment of a concert is the comparatively small size of the room in which they are usually given. Our Albert Hall is of course preposterous, except for great orchestral and choral performances, and St. James' Hall is too large for vocal and chamber music concerts, while Princes' Hall, though of a more practicable size, is dreary and inconvenient. Schemes are constantly set on foot for building even larger concert halls—veritable "howling wildernesses," but it is much to be wished that a well-lighted, well-ventilated, and moderately-sized room could be secured, with perfect acoustics, in which *Lieder* and Quartet evenings could not only be given, but really heard and enjoyed by the audience.

Rulers of Men and Musical Art.

NAPOLEON had no ear for music—his voice was unmusical; at least so Miss Balcombe says, who frequently heard him sing at St. Helena. Yet he liked songs and simple melodies, and would often hum his favourite air, "*Vive Henri Quatre*." Paisiello's music pleased him, "because," he said, "it did not interrupt his thoughts." Frederick the Great played on the flute, possibly more to his own than to his subjects' content. But he really was fond of music, and would have a concert whenever he could after his dinner. Quantz would get up an entertainment for him, where the great king would help to perform pieces of his own composition, as well as music which may have given more delight to his audience than his own. Fasch says that of all the performers he had heard, his friend Bach, Benda, and the King produced the most pathetic adagio.

We will set Frederick the Great against Napoleon, and if that is not considered a sufficient reply to those who will have it that rulers of men are despisers of music, we bring Oliver Cromwell as an instance to the contrary.

Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the Great were certainly rulers of men, and may fairly be cited on one side against Napoleon on the other. "Oliver Cromwell," says Wood, "loved a good voice and instrumental music;" and, says Mr. Leslie Stephen, Wood goes on to tell the story of "a senior student of Christ Church, expelled by the visitors, whom Cromwell restored to his studentship in return for the pleasure which his singing had given him."

Bismarck, certainly one of the rulers of men, is said to delight in Beethoven, and generally with the highest order of music. He would listen with zest to Joachim on the violin. In a letter to his wife he speaks of himself as "well, but suffering from homesickness, yearning for forest, ocean, desert, you and the children, all mixed up with sunset and Beethoven."

The Pedal.

—:o:—

AMONGST pianoforte students of a certain class there exists a very hazy notion as to the use of the pedal. Some think it is made to make their playing sound louder, others again believe it to be a sort of ornamental addition to the case, without any very special use or benefit to the instrument, and the majority have absolutely no idea whatever of its importance and benefit.

Some years ago in an English boys' school, I remember being particularly amused at a boy's idea of the pedal. I was attending a rehearsal before the school concert, and when all was over found myself going down the corridor after two young pianists, who had essayed some brilliant variations for two pianos on various themes from "Lucia di Lammermoor." Their attempt, however, was extremely hashy, and the one who seemed the better musician of the two, looking downcast, said concernedly,—

"I say, Cyril, it was awfully mishy!" ("mixed" I suppose one would translate it out of schoolboy slang).

"Oh!" said the other bravely, "you don't bother; let's stick down the loud pedal *all the time*, and nobody will ever know if we play a wrong note."

For the joke of the thing next day I turned up at the concert, and found that Cyril had taken his friend's advice. After all—why not? He was wise in his generation, for the proud mammas and papas, who came to hear their sons give a musical performance and spout poetry, didn't in the least seem put out at the result; in fact, Cyril and his friend had a great success.

One may think, perhaps, that this is far fetched, but my own experience has proved to me that the majority of school children who drum the piano have notions just as crude and unlearned as Cyril's.

The first thing a student should ask himself is, "Why he uses the pedal?" and "When he may use it?" but before I shall endeavour to explain and answer these two questions, I will say a word as to the manner of placing the foot.

Both feet must be balanced on the heels, leaving the foot flexible, easily raised or lowered, the brass plate must come right under the centre of the foot, and the pedal must never be struck down but pressed down.

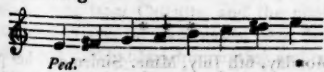
In short, the manipulation of the pedal must be noiseless.

Before a student can pedal well, a knowledge of harmony is absolutely indispensable, and once he knows harmony it follows as a matter of course—unless he be a fool—that he must pedal well, since the laws of harmony are from a certain side those of the pedal.

At the same time it does not follow that a student who has not studied harmony cannot use the pedal; for any student with an ordinary ear for music will know, for instance, that two such notes as these pedalled



or the following—



are simply abominable.

Let the student just try the effect of this scale; it will speak for itself.

But suppose we take for instance the following

example from one of Johann Sebastian Bach's Organ Fugues, arranged for the piano by Tausig:—



and hold fast by the rule that nothing diatonic must be pedalled in one? The splendid dominant pedal becomes then an impossibility, for nobody would hold the octave D in the bass and play the treble at the same time. Therefore we use the pedal, but we play the octave D with emphasis and loud enough to overtone the entire passage.

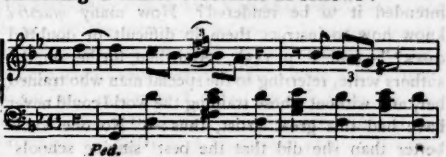
This, however, is a liberty modern pianism allows itself; but let modern pianism be represented by an amateur, and let this amateur omit to play the octave D as it should be played, and use the pedal (the modern amateur somehow has a peculiar *penchant* for the pedal), and we have something horrible enough to make Bach and Tausig arise from their graves and walk.

But granting that all is perfect, and the player a trained one, we have in these bars of Bach's Fugue a great pedal effect.

From Bach's Fugues, let us go to Chopin's Nocturnes.

The Nocturnes of Chopin owe much to good pedalling; they require a cultivated touch, but the most cultivated touch possible and bad pedalling will leave them a sad hash.

For instance, I have heard times out of number amateurs play the opening bars of the charming G minor Nocturne as follows:—



and felt like a fellow having a dozen teeth extracted under the operation. Once when it was a lady friend of mine, in whom I was particularly interested, I ventured to play it after her fashion, and then ask her what was wrong—but all to no purpose;—in fact, it was only when I played the following chord and pedalled it that I got her to understand what was wrong:—



And when I told her that the notes of a melody must never be pedalled in one, and always consecutively, she looked at me with her pretty blue eyes full of reverence as if I were the modern Solomon.

Of course, any student who understands harmony would never dream of so pedalling this Nocturne; in fact, the very commonest musical logic would prevent one breaking the above rule.

Hans von Bülow, in the second part of

this Nocturne, introduced a magnificent pedal effect, and, in fact, everywhere where such *legato* chords occur, he pedals as follows:—



That is, the moment the chord is struck, he puts down the pedal, but only when the notes are already sounding, raising the pedal the same moment in which he strikes a new chord.

In Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, Op. 53, this produces a very beautiful effect in the first *cantabile* theme:—



In the C minor Nocturne, Op. 48, there is another effect very charming:—



Of course, one can easily hold these C's without pedal, but the mere fact of using the pedal makes a *diminuendo* in the sound, and prevents the holding note acting as a pedal to the chromatic thirds; for it must be understood that any note, especially the deep bass notes, act, when struck and held down, with nearly the same effect as the pedal.

In conclusion, one may remark that *staccato* pieces are never pedalled unless it be *staccato* with a singing bass, as in the fourth number of the Etudes Symphoniques. But there is no exception whatever to the rule that the notes of a melody, if pedalled, must be pedalled consecutively.

Those who wish to play well and pedal well must certainly study harmony; only then will they understand the importance of good pedalling as a feature of good playing, and only then will they be competent to make all those harmonic effects which are sealed for ever to those who neglect to train themselves, not merely to be good players, but to be good musicians.

ALEX. M'ARTHUR.

What Musical Artists Have to endure.

—:o:—

THERE was recently a concert on the skirts of Dumfries, and the audience comprised some amateurs from a mine. In the course of the evening the Paganini of the orchestra stepped forward to play "a solo on the violin."

His ambitious selection was the famous "Carnival," through which he struggled with exemplary courage; and at the end he dropped his bow and fiddle by his side, right and left, and made obeisance, expecting a burst of applause; instead of which his ears were astonished by an exclamation from the back seats:—

"I say, fiddler, are ye gaun to be a' nicht tunin' that fiddle of yours? or are ye gaun to gie us a tune?"

Musical Tales.

By K. STANWAY.

These Tales will be resumed in the October issue of the Magazine.

RESULT OF COMPETITION ON MUSICAL TALE.

NO. IV. THE FAIRY'S MIRROR.

JUNE PART.

First Prize, 5s., for candidates under 21 years of age:—

Elizabeth Knight, age 19, 22 Harwood Road, Fulham, S.W.

Honourable Mention:—Frederick G. Davison, age 19; C. W. Randle, age 19; Jean M. Robertson, age 20; Ina S. Wood, age 17; Florence M. Allen, age 20; Ethel G. Diemer, age 20; Bessie Lessingham, age 16; Mary E. Murray, age 20; Minnie Richardson, age 16; Alice M. Atkinson, age 17; Florrie Hart, age 18; Mabel Cookson, age 17.

Second Class.

First Prize, 3s. 6d., for candidates under 16 years of age:—

John Clement Smith, age 14, 10 Flight's Lane, Lochee, by Dundee.

Second Prize, 2s., for candidates under 16 years of age:—

Kate Holdron, age 13, St. Donat's, Albany Road, Southsea.

Honourable Mention:—Lillie Edwards, age 14; Frank Greenwood, age 13; May O. Wolfe, age 11; Janet M. Salisbury, age 10; Bertha Stone, age 12; Nellie Eldridge, age 13; and C. A. Winknorth, age 15.

French Patriotism.

THE absurd outburst of French patriotism in regard to the State performance at the Royal Italian Opera has resulted in the withdrawal from the programme by Mr. Harris of the names of all the French members of his troupe. A sensible nation, such as the French undoubtedly are until they are carried away by sentiment, will hardly be proud of a piece of folly which has resulted in pretty tangible proof that we can get along very well without the assistance of Parisian operatic vocalists. At the same time, no blame can possibly attach to M. Lassalle, M. Maurel, and their colleagues. Those eminent artists had no fears whatever for the terrible vengeance awaiting them if they bowed to the royal box, or the ignominy with which they would be covered if they listened to the strains of the "Rhine Watch" or the "Kaisermarsch"—melodies, indeed, of which anybody who happens to be in London this week can hardly help hearing quite enough. MM. Lassalle and Maurel were, in fact, perfectly ready to fulfil their engagements at the Opera; but one of the French papers threatened them with a pelting of "roasted apples" on their return, and Mr. Harris, not willing to subject his singers to insults from a mob, struck their names out of the programme. Henceforward, I suppose, before the curtain rises on any performance at the Royal Italian Opera, some sort of Fifth of November search will be made by beefeaters and police to discover whether any German gentleman has by any chance been able to purchase a seat. Frenchmen, however, are not generally fools, and they can hardly suppose that William II. will relinquish Alsace and Lorraine even for the pleasure of listening to M. Lassalle and M. Maurel.

Correspondence.

THE TEACHERS' REGISTRATION BILL.

(To the Editor of the "Magazine of Music.")

SIR,—In your May issue you allowed me the privilege of expressing through your columns my thoughts on the above Bill.

It must seem strange that the members of the musical profession are generally adverse to the Bill, while all other classes of teachers are in its favour. This from an obvious misconception. Is it not possible to divide the facts of art culture from those of art demonstration? We know "a poet is born not made," but that does not prove the poet never learned grammar, or that schoolmasters should not exist to teach him! It would seem as though the musical profession did not see the difference between art application and possession of facts! Yet there is a great difference between the technique of an art and the manifestation of one's individuality through it.

As the poet is obedient to the laws of grammar, not to contract but to expand his power of self-manifestation, so all persons in their special spheres are obedient to their special technique; and that school that has a race of teachers of the best will enable the imprisoned talent to shine by tuition to the greatest excess of demonstration, while that school that has a race of teachers of the worst will contract still further the enclosed power of students, and penalise by contraction its already unnatural limits. The Bill has to deal with the technical side of art, not with its artistic side.

Now, I am going to challenge our local members, and I specially select for direct challenge Mr. Jesse Collings, to take this matter up as regards my own speciality—that of voice culture. Last May twelvemonth I called Sir Richard Temple's attention to the dearth of true teachers, and wrote that now my profession "is mostly in the hands of men who never learned it." Any quantity of quotations could be given from the new work on the life of Jenny Lind to show this, but I will restrict myself to two.

"Setting aside all questions concerning the inner life of the music, how many singers of the present day know how to render the *appoggiatura* of the eighteenth century as Mozart and his contemporaries intended it to be rendered? How many *maestri* know how to instruct them in difficult or doubtful cases?"—(vol. ii. p. 145). And then, further on, the authors write, referring to the special man who trained her, and without whose training the world could never have had this great artist, thus:—"No one knew better than she did that the best 'singing schools' that ever were published are useless without the aid of a teacher; for, until she found a teacher in Signor Garcia, she wandered daily farther and farther away from the true paths, until, in the end, her voice but narrowly escaped from utter destruction."—(p. 302).

This man is yet living; when he is dead the opportunity of collecting his evidence will be lost. Is it not the duty of those who have the Teachers' Registration Bill in hand to see into this branch of tuition? Why not make the specialists answer a few questions thus:—1. Have you a musical voice? 2. Can you sing? 3. Of whom did you learn? 4. Explain what you teach. 5. Give reasons for your teaching. 6. Give other authorities, if any, for such teaching. 7. Mention results of method.

I have heard this season most of the singers at the Italian Opera in London, and I distinctly assert that, with the exceptions of Mlle. Mravina and M. Plancon, they were "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," by feebleness or absence of school. Even Signor Ravelli, who has a more natural production than the other tenors, had to break his long F in "Il mio tesoro," while Signor Randegger painfully hurried the speed.

Are there no members of Parliament sufficiently interested in vocal art to urge this point on the gentlemen who have taken up the Bill? I can scarcely think it. But let me go further. If modern methods have a direct tendency to injure and not help, to destroy and not develop the voice, to break and not to make it, as I allege is the case, is it not the duty of Parlia-

ment to step in and protect the public from this evil? I have no object—I can have no object—other than that of trying to awaken an interest in a subject that concerns the public more than it does myself, in writing and agitating on this question; but whether the clause be taken or lost for ever, I at least shall have the satisfaction of knowing that in this matter I have not failed by silence in doing my duty either to my art, to my country, or to my God.—Yours very faithfully,
CHARLES LUNN.

P.S.—The editor of the *Musical Herald* for July is pleased to be jocular at the expense of veracity. My indictment in the *Musical World*, May 17, 1890, was a psychological crux; for a surgeon to allege injury therefrom in his profession is to admit that what he advocates produces disease in mine. I have forced this admission in an official "Statement of Claim" containing one grammatical and two metaphysical errors, and am ready now to prove my case either to Sir Richard Temple or in a court of law. For the rest I have a very pretty and instructive Act of Parliament called the "Conspiracy Act" (38 and 39 Vict.), in which I am told that "every person commits a misdemeanour who, with a view to compel any other person to abstain from doing or to do any act which such other person has a legal right to do or abstain from doing, intimidates such other person, is liable upon conviction thereof to a maximum imprisonment of three months with hard labour." This information will specially interest the first mover in this matter. It does seem to me a very serious offence to deter, by an invented charge of an uncommitted crime, a man from giving to a member of Parliament important and vital evidence affecting a Bill before the House. The last case of vocal ruin I know of, brought about by Madame Seiler's "Koo Koo" school, went mad from disappointment, and is now an inmate of Rainhill County Lunatic Asylum, Liverpool.
C. L.

Music in Portsmouth.

CONSIDERABLE improvement is manifested in the tone of the organ recitals at the Town Hall, and the management now give recitals on both Saturday afternoons and evenings, when in addition to instrumental music, vocal is now added. The attendance in the afternoons at present is scanty. The artists engaged are Messrs. W. H. Strickland, C. H. Behr, Griesbach, and Godwin Fowles; the vocalists—The Apollo (Reading) Quartet, Misses Emily Davis, Kate Dipnall, Marion Holmes, Adeline Clark, Kate Stainer, Margaret Fowles, and Messrs. Alexander Tucker and Frederick Ward.

THE Theatre Royal has been occupied by Mr. J. W. Turner's Opera Company, with a varied repertoire, including the "Lily of Killarney" (the first time in Portsmouth), the "Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," and "Martha." Comic opera has been represented by "The Gondoliers," "Falka," and "The Mikado."

THE Southsea Clarence Pier has had a splendid array of artists the past few weeks, and the beautiful weather and talent have drawn large audiences. Among the vocalists have been Mdlles. Dews, Marie de Lido, Sarah Berry, Agnes Larcom; Messrs. Maldwyn Humphreys, John Bridson, Philip Newbury, and Durward Lely. Also the Meistersingers (W. Sexton, Gregory Hast, W. G. Torrington, Webster Norcross), supported by the R.M.A. and R.M.L.I. string bands.

ON Monday, 6th July, Mme. Sinico and her party, consisting of Mdlle. Sinico, Miss Emily Parkinson, Mr. Hillier, Mr. White, commenced their series of operatic concerts in costume on the South Parade Pier, under the direction of Mr. F. Hunter, to a select and appreciative audience.

Accidentals.

THE jubilee celebrations of the Tonic Sol-fa Association commenced on Tuesday evening, June 30, with a special service in St. Paul's Cathedral. The canticles were sung to Charles King's rather poor setting in F, and the first anthem was Boyce's fine work, "O where shall wisdom be found?" An impressive effect was made in the second anthem, Sir John Stainer's "O clap your hands," in which, in addition to the special choir of five hundred, the major part of the enormous congregation took part.

MISS MELNOTTE'S new theatre in St. Martin's Lane will probably open about Christmas. As Miss Melnotte has been seriously ill, it is probable that Miss Florence M'Kenzie may be the first tenant.

MADAME PATTI took advantage of her visit to London to complete some of her arrangements for opening her theatre at Craig-y-nos in August. The garden scene in "Faust" will be performed on the first night, when Madame Patti herself will act the part of Marguerite to M. Nicolini's Faust. Madame Valda, the Boston prima donna who accompanied Madame Patti on a tour through Mexico and America, is cast for the part of Siebel, and Signor Arditì will conduct. The castle is to be filled from garret to ground-floor, and the festivities will continue a week.

DE REZKÉ, the great tenor, has been prevailed upon to sing to Americans for £400 a night. He probably can remember the time when he would have been glad to sing for ten shillings a week.

THE engagement of Albani with Messrs. Abbey and Grau's French and Italian Grand Opera is now positively settled. After her engagement in the opera Albani will appear in concerts and oratorio throughout the United States and Canada under the management of Mr. L. M. Ruben.

HOWARD WYNDHAM, son of Charles Wyndham the actor, has been on a visit to his father in London. He returns to his ranch in the Wild West of America as soon as his English holiday outing is over.

BELLE COLE had made arrangements to start, June 27, on a trip to the United States, when she received the command of Her Majesty the Queen to sing in the "Golden Legend" at Albert Hall in July, on the occasion of the visit of the German Emperor. Her visit to her native land has been, therefore, indefinitely postponed.

THE libretto of Mr. Solomon's new opera, "The Rajah," was originally by Mr. George Dance, but it is understood Mr. D'Oyly Carte and Mr. Desprez have also had a good deal to do with it. The story, if such it may be called, is of a very farcical order, and contains evidence of that topsy-turvydom which has now been considered a sort of Savoy monopoly. Hero and heroine exchange Hindu "castes" with startling rapidity, and Mr. Denny will play a very important part, that of an Oriental idol, Bamboo, a deity of wood, who suddenly becomes animated, and wanders about in human guise. It then falls in love with and marries the Indian maiden, Chinna, a rôle which will be undertaken by the piquant Miss Jessie Bond. The dresses have, it is stated, been designed from sketches sent from Calcutta, and the materials for the costumes have, in many cases, been brought from India itself. What lavish mounting and careful preparation can do for the new work, Mr. D'Oyly Carte may be trusted to give.

THE gentlemen of St. Paul's Cathedral Choir are to be heartily commended for bringing forward some

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Musical Tales.

By K. STANWAY.

These Tales will be resumed in the October issue of the Magazine.

RESULT OF COMPETITION ON MUSICAL TALE.

NO. IV. THE FAIRY'S MIRROR.

JUNE PART.

First Prize, 5s., for candidates under 21 years of age:—

Elizabeth Knight, age 19, 22 Harwood Road, Fulham, S.W.

Honourable Mention:—Frederick G. Davison, age 19; C. W. Randle, age 19; Jean M. Robertson, age 20; Ina S. Wood, age 17; Florence M. Allen, age 20; Ethel G. Diemer, age 20; Bessie Lessingham, age 16; Mary E. Murray, age 20; Minnie Richardson, age 16; Alice M. Atkinson, age 17; Florrie Hart, age 18; Mabel Cookson, age 17.

Second Class.

First Prize, 3s. 6d., for candidates under 16 years of age:—

John Clement Smith, age 14, 10 Flight's Lane, Lochee, by Dundee.

Second Prize, 2s., for candidates under 16 years of age:—

Kate Holdron, age 13, St. Donat's, Albany Road, Southsea.

Honourable Mention:—Lillie Edwards, age 14; Frank Greenwood, age 13; May O. Wolfe, age 11; Janet M. Salisbury, age 10; Bertha Stone, age 12; Nellie Eldridge, age 13; and C. A. Winknorth, age 15.

French Patriotism.

THE absurd outburst of French patriotism in regard to the State performance at the Royal Italian Opera has resulted in the withdrawal from the programme by Mr. Harris of the names of all the French members of his troupe. A sensible nation, such as the French undoubtedly are until they are carried away by sentiment, will hardly be proud of a piece of folly which has resulted in pretty tangible proof that we can get along very well without the assistance of Parisian operatic vocalists. At the same time, no blame can possibly attach to M. Lassalle, M. Maurel, and their colleagues. Those eminent artists had no fears whatever for the terrible vengeance awaiting them if they bowed to the royal box, or the ignominy with which they would be covered if they listened to the strains of the "Rhine Watch" or the "Kaisermarsch"—melodies, indeed, of which anybody who happens to be in London this week can hardly help hearing quite enough. MM. Lassalle and Maurel were, in fact, perfectly ready to fulfil their engagements at the Opera; but one of the French papers threatened them with a pelting of "roasted apples" on their return, and Mr. Harris, not willing to subject his singers to insults from a mob, struck their names out of the programme. Henceforward, I suppose, before the curtain rises on any performance at the Royal Italian Opera, some sort of Fifth of November search will be made by beefeaters and police to discover whether any German gentleman has by any chance been able to purchase a seat. Frenchmen, however, are not generally fools, and they can hardly suppose that William II. will relinquish Alsace and Lorraine even for the pleasure of listening to M. Lassalle and M. Maurel.

Correspondence.

THE TEACHERS' REGISTRATION BILL.

(To the Editor of the "Magazine of Music.")

SIR,—In your May issue you allowed me the privilege of expressing through your columns my thoughts on the above Bill.

It must seem strange that the members of the musical profession are generally adverse to the Bill, while all other classes of teachers are in its favour. This from an obvious misconception. Is it not possible to divide the facts of art culture from those of art demonstration? We know "a poet is born not made," but that does not prove the poet never learned grammar, or that schoolmasters should not exist to teach him! It would seem as though the musical profession did not see the difference between art application and possession of facts! Yet there is a great difference between the technique of an art and the manifestation of one's individuality through it.

As the poet is obedient to the laws of grammar, not to contract but to expand his power of self-manifestation, so all persons in their special spheres are obedient to their special technique; and that school that has a race of teachers of the best will enable the imprisoned talent to shine by tuition to the greatest excess of demonstration, while that school that has a race of teachers of the worst will contract still further the enclosed power of students, and penalise by contraction its already unnatural limits. The Bill has to deal with the technical side of art, not with its artistic side.

Now, I am going to challenge our local members, and I specially select for direct challenge Mr. Jesse Collings, to take this matter up as regards my own speciality—that of voice culture. Last May twelvemonth I called Sir Richard Temple's attention to the dearth of true teachers, and wrote that now my profession "is mostly in the hands of men who never learned it." Any quantity of quotations could be given from the new work on the life of Jenny Lind to show this, but I will restrict myself to two.

"Setting aside all questions concerning the inner life of the music, how many singers of the present day know how to render the *appoggiatura* of the eighteenth century as Mozart and his contemporaries intended it to be rendered? How many *maestri* know how to instruct them in difficult or doubtful cases?"—(vol. ii. p. 145). And then, further on, the authors write, referring to the special man who trained her, and without whose training the world could never have had this great artist, thus:—"No one knew better than she did that the best 'singing schools' that ever were published are useless without the aid of a teacher; for, until she found a teacher in Signor Garcia, she wandered daily farther and farther away from the true paths, until, in the end, her voice but narrowly escaped from utter destruction"—(p. 302).

This man is yet living; when he is dead the opportunity of collecting his evidence will be lost. Is it not the duty of those who have the Teachers' Registration Bill in hand to see into this branch of tuition? Why not make the specialists answer a few questions thus:—1. Have you a musical voice? 2. Can you sing? 3. Of whom did you learn? 4. Explain what you teach. 5. Give reasons for your teaching. 6. Give other authorities, if any, for such teaching. 7. Mention results of method.

I have heard this season most of the singers at the Italian Opera in London, and I distinctly assert that, with the exceptions of Mdlle. Mravina and M. Plancon, they were "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," by feebleness or absence of school. Even Signor Ravelli, who has a more natural production than the other tenors, had to break his long F in "Il mio tesoro," while Signor Randegger painfully hurried the speed.

Are there no members of Parliament sufficiently interested in vocal art to urge this point on the gentlemen who have taken up the Bill? I can scarcely think it. But let me go further. If modern methods have a direct tendency to injure and not help, to destroy and not develop the voice, to break and not to make it, as I allege is the case, is it not the duty of Parlia-

ment to step in and protect the public from this evil? I have no object—I can have no object—other than that of trying to awaken an interest in a subject that concerns the public more than it does myself, in writing and agitating on this question; but whether the clause be taken or lost for ever, I at least shall have the satisfaction of knowing that in this matter I have not failed by silence in doing my duty either to my art, to my country, or to my God.—Yours very faithfully,

CHARLES LUNN.

P.S.—The editor of the *Musical Herald* for July is pleased to be jocular at the expense of veracity. My indictment in the *Musical World*, May 17, 1890, was a psychological crux; for a surgeon to allege injury therefrom in his profession is to admit that what he advocates produces disease in *mine*. I have forced this admission in an official "Statement of Claim" containing one grammatical and two metaphysical errors, and am ready now to prove my case either to Sir Richard Temple or in a court of law. For the rest I have a very pretty and instructive Act of Parliament called the "Conspiracy Act" (38 and 39 Vict.), in which I am told that "every person commits a misdemeanour who, with a view to compel any other person to abstain from doing or to do any act which such other person has a legal right to do or abstain from doing, intimidates such other person, is liable upon conviction thereof to a maximum imprisonment of three months with hard labour." This information will specially interest the first mover in this matter. It does seem to me a very serious offence to deter, by an invented charge of an uncommitted crime, a man from giving to a member of Parliament important and vital evidence affecting a Bill before the House. The last case of vocal ruin I know of, brought about by Madame Seiler's "Koo Koo" school, went mad from disappointment, and is now an inmate of Rainhill County Lunatic Asylum, Liverpool. C. L.

Music in Portsmouth.

CONSIDERABLE improvement is manifested in the tone of the organ recitals at the Town Hall, and the management now give recitals on both Saturday afternoons and evenings, when in addition to instrumental music, vocal is now added. The attendance in the afternoons at present is scanty. The artists engaged are Messrs. W. H. Strickland, C. H. Behr, Griesbach, and Godwin Fowles; the vocalists—The Apollo (Reading) Quartet, Misses Emily Davis, Kate Dipnall, Marion Holmes, Adeline Clark, Kate Stainer, Margaret Fowles, and Messrs. Alexander Tucker and Frederick Ward.

THE Theatre Royal has been occupied by Mr. J. W. Turner's Opera Company, with a varied repertoire, including the "Lily of Killarney" (the first time in Portsmouth), the "Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," and "Martha." Comic opera has been represented by "The Gondoliers," "Falka," and "The Mikado."

THE Southsea Clarence Pier has had a splendid array of artists the past few weeks, and the beautiful weather and talent have drawn large audiences. Among the vocalists have been Mdlles. Dews, Marie de Lido, Sarah Berry, Agnes Larcom; Messrs. Maldwyn Humphreys, John Bridson, Philip Newbury, and Durward Lely. Also the Meistersingers (W. Sexton, Gregory Hast, W. G. Torrington, Webster Norcross), supported by the R.M.A. and R.M.L.I. string bands.

ON Monday, 6th July, Mme. Sinico and her party, consisting of Mdlle. Sinico, Miss Emily Parkinson, Mr. Hillier, Mr. White, commenced their series of operatic concerts in costume on the South Parade Pier, under the direction of Mr. F. Hunter, to a select and appreciative audience.

Accidentals.

THE jubilee celebrations of the Tonic Sol-fa Association commenced on Tuesday evening, June 30, with a special service in St. Paul's Cathedral. The canticles were sung to Charles King's rather poor setting in F, and the first anthem was Boyce's fine work, "O where shall wisdom be found?" An impressive effect was made in the second anthem, Sir John Stainer's "O clap your hands," in which, in addition to the special choir of five hundred, the major part of the enormous congregation took part.

MISS MELNOTTE'S new theatre in St. Martin's Lane will probably open about Christmas. As Miss Melnotte has been seriously ill, it is probable that Miss Florence M'Kenzie may be the first tenant.

MADAME PATTI took advantage of her visit to London to complete some of her arrangements for opening her theatre at Craig-y-nos in August. The garden scene in "Faust" will be performed on the first night, when Madame Patti herself will act the part of Marguerite to M. Nicolini's Faust. Madame Valda, the Boston prima donna who accompanied Madame Patti on a tour through Mexico and America, is cast for the part of Siebel, and Signor Arditi will conduct. The castle is to be filled from garret to ground-floor, and the festivities will continue a week.

DR. REZKÉ, the great tenor, has been prevailed upon to sing to Americans for £400 a night. He probably can remember the time when he would have been glad to sing for ten shillings a week.

THE engagement of Albani with Messrs. Abbey and Grau's French and Italian Grand Opera is now positively settled. After her engagement in the opera Albani will appear in concerts and oratorio throughout the United States and Canada under the management of Mr. L. M. Ruben.

HOWARD WYNDHAM, son of Charles Wyndham the actor, has been on a visit to his father in London. He returns to his ranch in the Wild West of America as soon as his English holiday outing is over.

BELLE COLE had made arrangements to start, June 27, on a trip to the United States, when she received the command of Her Majesty the Queen to sing in the "Golden Legend" at Albert Hall in July, on the occasion of the visit of the German Emperor. Her visit to her native land has been, therefore, indefinitely postponed.

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Mozart and Beethoven.

WHEN Ludwig Beethoven first visited the Austrian Court he was sixteen years of age. Well provided with letters of introduction to the Emperor Joseph, he proceeded alone to the palace, determined to play his way into the affections of the monarch. Admitted to the palace, he was met in an ante-chamber by a very civil gentleman, who told him that the Emperor could not well receive him then, but would be glad to have him present himself that evening for an audience in the Augarten. Attracted by the quiet and friendly demeanour of this person, young Beethoven engaged in conversation with him, and presently discovered that he was the Emperor's barber, a discovery arising from the stranger's casual admission that he "shaved the Emperor every morning."

"Tell me," demanded the youth, "is he indulgent or severe?"

"That depends," answered the barber; "when it comes to music matters he is strict enough."

"Yes, I know what that means," said Beethoven sneeringly; "he plays the piano a little, and strums away on the violoncello, and composes sonatas, but, between you and me, these big people don't carry their music studies very far, after all."

This honest expression of opinion seemed to amuse the barber mightily; he simply roared with laughter.

That evening at the appointed hour, Beethoven came to the Augarten, and was shown into the music-room, where the Emperor and a friend were seated in conversation. Intense was the young musician's horror to learn that the supposed barber and the Emperor were one! But the Emperor took the joke with such amazing good humour that Beethoven, for his part, was willing to forgive and forget. He seated himself at the piano, and at the Emperor's request improvised on a theme from Mozart's "Zarastro." This he did so remarkably that his auditors were delighted. The Emperor's companion could not restrain his joy; running across the room, he threw his arms about the youth, crying, "Such taste! Such skill! The youth who can so interpret the thought of another composer will one day be a great master in the art himself!"

"Ah, but the air itself is so beautiful," said Beethoven, and then he added, "Mozart's music is divine!"

"My lad," cried the Emperor, beaming with delight, "do you know whom you are talking to? It is Mozart himself to whom you have been playing, and whose lips have just predicted the great future that lies before you!"

The Orpheus of the Chinese.

ALLOWING for any exaggeration as to chronology, natural to the lively imagination of Asiatics, there is no reason to doubt that the Chinese possessed, long before our Christian era, musical instruments to which they attribute a fabulously high antiquity.

There is an ancient tradition according to which they obtained their musical scale from a miraculous bird, called fong-hoang, which appears to have been a sort of phoenix.

When Confucius, who lived about 500 B.C., happened to hear on a certain occasion some Chinese music, he became so greatly enraptured that he could not take any food for three months afterwards. The sounds which produced this effect were those of Konei, the Orpheus of the Chinese, whose performance on the *king*—a kind of harmonicon constructed of slabs

of sonorous stone—would draw wild animals around him and make them subservient to his will.

As regards the invention of musical instruments, the Chinese have other traditions. In one of these we are told that the origin of some of their most popular instruments dates from the period when China was under the dominion of the heavenly spirits, called Ki.

Another assigns the invention of several stringed instruments to the great Fohi, who was the founder of the empire, and who lived about 3000 B.C., which was long after the dominion of the Ki, or spirits.

Again, another tradition holds that the most important instruments and systematic arrangements of sounds are an invention of Niuva, a supernatural female, who lived at the time of Fohi.

Woman in Music.

M R. L. C. ELSON gave a lecture in Boston the other day on "Woman in Music," and while he was unable to find many female composers to speak about, the influence of the wives and sweethearts of the eminent composers formed an interesting theme. Beginning with Sappho, the speaker carried the historical chain down to the most recent of female composers—Augusta Holmes. Fanny Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann, and a host of other names were mentioned, and an eloquent description of Mrs. Wagner was given. Mr. Elson thought that the scarcity of female composers lay not in the non-creative character of the sex (for Rosa Bonheur, George Eliot, George Sand, and others have disproved this), but in the fact that women study the art too often merely with the intention of pleasing others, and the true mission of music cannot be fulfilled on any such basis. Mr. Elson, by the way, has written two books which would make excellent summer reading for students of music. Their titles are *Curiosities of Music* and *History of German Song*, to which is appended an account of the last hours of great composers. Mr. Elson's pages are always brimful of entertaining information.—*Post*.

A Four-year-old Prodigy.

THE quiet town of Milton, Del., U.S.A., has been suddenly startled by the development of a baby musician named Lydia Welch. Her father is superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, and leader of the choir in the church. Some few months ago the child showed a wonderful talent for singing. People passing the house humming popular airs were observed by her, and the next day they were surprised to hear their airs reproduced in an infantile voice. The child had but to hear a tune once before she could reproduce it without a single false note. Only a short time ago she had a severe attack of diphtheria, and, to the great regret of her parents and friends, she lost all her former inclinations to sing. But what was the surprise of her friends when they discovered that all her vocal powers had suddenly been directed into another channel, and from that time instrumental music began to interest her in a wonderful degree. The only musical instrument that Mr. Welch had about the house was an organ, and upon this one day did the little one begin to play some tune she had heard her father sing. Soon the people learned of the child's wonderful power, and every evening a crowd assembled upon the side-walks adjoining the house to hear her perform. It is most interesting to watch this little midget with her tiny hands upon the keys, and feet scarcely reaching the pedals, play all the popular airs and reproduce any tune, even the most difficult, after once hearing it performed. Any music once hummed or whistled in her presence is reproduced

upon the organ. The whole town is proud of this musical prodigy, and the parents are delighted, while at the same time they are somewhat startled at the almost superhuman talent displayed by this precocious child, who does not yet know her alphabet.

Mr. Wm. Henry Gladstone.

THE numerous notices of the late Mr. W. H. Gladstone have scarcely done justice to his devotion to music on its literary and artistic side. He was a diligent student of musical literature, and he opened out to English readers that "fine book on music" by Anton Thibaut, as Robert Schumann termed it, a treatise on *Purity in Musical Art*, which he translated from the German and published with Mr. John Murray in 1877. Mr. Gladstone dedicated the volume to the Bach Choir, and in particular to its conductor, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. In his introduction, the translator showed that he possessed an intimate knowledge of Church music, and his criticism of much of the compositions of the present day must be admitted to have been just, if severe. "Technical skill and ability we have in abundance, but the instinct to reject what is unfitted and to construct what is conducive to the highest purposes of religion is rare;" and he proceeded to lament that the Church music of the Palestrina age is practically a sealed book to us, and that "congregational singing, with its heart-stirring power, is seldom to be heard." Mr. Gladstone was also a member of the Musical Association.

A Poor Musician.

FRANZ SCHUBERT was born at Vienna on the 31st of January 1797. With him came a new spring into this world,—a spring such as the world never saw before, and which will never fade away as long as any men of feeling live who shall care for and love the blossoms and flowers of art.

Schubert came into this world and made mankind happier and nobler by his works; and every one who has feeling and appreciation for ideal art will remember his name with devotion and love. Schubert is the most poetical of all musicians; he is full of charm like Beethoven.

Schubert's father was, like Loewe's, a schoolmaster, who had a very small income; but he had a large family, for he was blessed with nineteen children. How economically they had to live, how meagre was their fare, we may easily imagine. Little food and little money is the destiny of most teachers. Yet, as has so often been the case, the poor schoolmaster's humble abode proved the cradle of a musical genius. Schubert's father was also a musician; he introduced his son into the sanctuary of his art, and strove his best to advance him in it. Of heavenly musical food there was no lack in Schubert's house, and this food has more refreshed our Franz than the most sumptuous fare could have done.

So great was the genius of Schubert, that though his life was never other than a wretched one, unvisited by prosperity, it was rendered bright and happy by an unending flow of musical thoughts.

THE Commune of Roustchouck is very severe on artists. The following order has lately been placarded in that town by order of the Prefect:—"In anticipation of the arrival among us of numerous foreign vagabonds determined to live at our expense, it is forbidden to foreign artists to organise here any theatrical representations, and no wandering musicians will be permitted to traverse this district."

Leicester Musical Music in Australia.
Notes.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

NEW ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—A meeting was held at Hinckley for the purpose of forming an Amateur Orchestral Society. Mr. G. A. Smith presided, and a committee was formed, consisting of Messrs. G. A. Smith, E. Compton, J. Maw, H. Taylor, and J. Marshall; hon. sec., Mr. A. Talbot. Mr. Galpin consented to act as conductor.

THE Royal Opera House Promenade Concerts, under the dual directorship of Mr. Henry Nicholson (flautist) and Mr. John Gregory, was instituted here on Saturday evening, 4th July, with prospects of great success. A very attractive programme was submitted to a highly musical and enthusiastic audience. The Opera House band was powerfully augmented. The artists appearing were Miss Hettis Land, Miss Alice Rees, Mr. Mathew Brodie, Mr. Sidney Towers, Mr. F. Mathews, and Mr. Klee. Mr. Barrow, Mrs. Bac., accompanied on the piano.

A GRAND CONCERT was given at Wigston Hall on 6th July, on behalf of Mrs. Arthur Gilbert. Mr. G. Ross presided, the following ladies and gentlemen rendering vocal and musical assistance:—Mrs. Preston, Misses Hartopp, Wingrave, Grant, Last, and Vass; Messrs. Abbott, Pratt, Locke, Thompson Hill, and Hagger; and the Wigston Band. The concert was well patronised, and the receipts highly satisfactory.

MR. H. TEMPRIERE PRINGLE, a young student of the Royal College of Music, who was recently visiting in Leicester, and greatly lionised in musical circles, has accepted a highly lucrative engagement with the Carl Rosa Grand Opera Company.

MR. J. HERBERT MARSHALL, the local representative of the Royal College of Music, invited a number of ladies and gentlemen to the Temperance Hall, on 14th July, to be present at the distribution of certificates to the successful students at the recent examination by the United Board of the Royal College and Academy. The Mayor, Ald. Kempson, distributed the certificates. Madame Valleria sang.

THE new Leicester Musical Society had an enjoyable excursion to Lincoln on 11th July.

THE Leicester Musical and Dramatic Club enjoyed a picnic to Ashby-de-la-Zouch on 9th July. A capital programme of events, arranged by Mr. Frank G. Pierpoint, was gone through. Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "The Pirates," is in a forward state of rehearsal, and is to be produced at the Royal Opera House on September 10, 11, and 12, under the conductorship of Mr. John Gregory. The proceeds will be handed over to the governors of the Children's Hospital.

A GERMAN orchestral player claims to have made a trombone that with a single blast can destroy 100,000 Frenchmen.

This beats Joshua and his trumpets all hollow, for Jericho and its walls were as naught compared with so many well-fed Teutons. I would like to know what the phrase is that is so destructive. Possibly the name of Wagner is shouted, and that has put the whole city of Paris in a turmoil time and time again.

HAVING in this letter to review the musical doings of the past two months, the notice of each event must necessarily be brief.

The Misses Albu gave in April three concerts in the Centennial Hall, Sydney, where their fine voices were heard to much greater advantage than on previous occasions. They afterwards had a short season in Melbourne, which, though artistically a success, was not adequately attended. These concerts have been under the management of Mr. Montagu L. Cohen.

After her return from China and Japan, Madame Patey sang the contralto music in the two performances of the "Elijah" by the Sydney Philharmonic Society. The principal singers were, in addition to Madame Patey, Miss Bertha Rossow, Mr. Armes Beaumont, and Mr. Edward Farley. Mr. Neville Barnett, F.C.O., played the grand organ, and Signor Hazon conducted.

Madame Patey afterwards gave two farewell concerts previous to leaving Sydney.

The University Musical Society have performed Alfred R. Gaul's cantata, "Joan of Arc," under the direction of Herr Hugo Alpen.

Mr. J. E. Sykes, late borough organist of Huddersfield, has given a recital upon the organ in the University Hall, and also upon the great organ in the Centennial Hall on the occasion of the reception in Sydney of Madame Sara Bernhardt.

A benefit concert on a large scale, in which most of the prominent Sydney musicians took part, was held in aid of the sufferers by the explosion at the Middle Head during the Naval Manœuvres, and was in every sense successful.

In Melbourne the concerts of the Victorian Orchestra have been continued, but to rather small audiences; and it appears probable that for lack of public support the orchestra will be disbanded at the termination of the second year of its existence. This is much to be regretted, as the concerts have been a source of pleasure and of educational value to the musical enthusiasts who have been present.

The decline in the attendance may perhaps in some degree be attributed to the recommencement of the Melbourne Popular Concerts, under the direction of Mr. Max Klein. I give you, *in extenso*, the programme of the first concert of the series, from which you will see that a high standard of performance has been aimed at.

Quartet in D minor, *Schubert.*
Miss Max Klein, H. T. Ochradar, J. B. Zerbin, and
G. E. Howard.
Songs, $\left. \begin{array}{l} \{ (a) \text{ "I love Thee,"} \\ \{ (a) \text{ "Good Morning,"} \} \right\} \text{ } \textit{Grieg.}$
Miss Anna Steinhauer.
Pianoforte Sonata, *Beethoven.*
Signor E. de Baupuis.
Song, $\text{ "Gretchen am Spinnerade," } \text{ } \textit{Schubert.}$
Miss Anna Steinhauer.
Duo (Violin and Piano), Op. 21, *Gade.*
Mr. Max Klein and Signor de Baupuis.

At succeeding concerts the principal works performed have been Mendelssohn's String Quartet in D major, Op. 44, No. 1; Trio in F, Op. 15, No. 1; Rubinstein and Grieg's String Quartet in G minor, No. 2.

The Melbourne Choral Harmonic Society have rendered at their concert, under the direction of Mr. Otto Linden, the "Stabat Mater" of Palestrina and "Song of Miriam" (Schubert). The remainder of the programme consisted of songs by Herr Rudolf Himmer, and classical instrumental items by Mr. Otto Linden (pianoforte), Mr. George Weston (violin), and Mr. Theo. Liebe ('cello).

Mr Hamilton Clarke, Mus. Bac., has recently been appointed conductor of the Melbourne Liedertafel.

A Festival State Concert in the Exhibition Building was held, in which 10,000 children from the State schools took part. The organ and the Victorian Orchestra formed the accompaniment. The most important item on the programme was a new Australian hymn, "Maker of Earth and Sea," words by Mr. J. Branton, and the music by Dr. Sammers, who was the general director of the Festival.

The Coming Birmingham Festival.

WE have received a corrected outline programme of the musical festival to be held at Birmingham in October next, from which it appears that Mendelssohn's "Elijah" again occupies its usual place in the forefront of the selection. Since the absolute first performance of the work in public, as far back as 1847, this arrangement has been a rule without exception, and is likely to remain so until the, let us hope, far distant period when public taste shall have turned away from the finest oratorio of the nineteenth century. In the evening of the day (Tuesday) appointed for "Elijah," a number of comparatively short pieces will be given, including Dr. Mackenzie's new choral setting of the hymn, "Veni, Creator Spiritus;" Beethoven's violin concerto, solo by Joseph Joachim; Sterndale Bennett's overture, "Naiades," and the third symphony of Brahms. Dr. Mackenzie's work cannot fail to excite much interest as a remarkably fine example of sacred music in the massive English style. The other selections are too well known for any comment, but it may be pointed out that Joachim makes on this occasion—unless memory plays us false—his first appearance at a Birmingham Festival. For many years the managers of the great triennial gathering abjured solo instrumentalists and all their works, not one of them appearing between 1867, when Arabella Goddard played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, and 1885, when Sarasate introduced a new violin concerto by Dr. Mackenzie. The presence of Joachim will assuredly be welcome.

Bach's "Passion," according to St. Matthew, is set down for Wednesday morning, to be followed in the evening by Professor Stanford's new oratorio, "Eden." The change from the first of these compositions to the second involves a leap over a great gulf of time, and a wider interval in point of style and method. But this is exactly what should be provided for in drawing up Festival programmes. By all means foster the art of to-day, but on no account encourage—as many people do without precisely meaning it—a notion that it alone is worth attention. The really musical people of the future will be those who gather to themselves all the riches of the art, and not those only which happen to be floating past under their noses.

Handel's "Messiah," but we trust not the Franz version thereof, occupies Thursday morning, the evening of that day being given up to another miscellaneous group of works, comprising Dr. Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," an Offertorium by Schubert, Mozart's "Ave Verum," Joachim's Hungarian Concerto, Schumann's Fantasia, the overtures to "Anacreon" and "Euryanthe," and some Wagner fragments, as yet unnamed. Friday morning is devoted to Dvorák's new "Requiem," the introduction to "Parsifal," and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony; the Festival closing on Friday evening with the "Faust," of Berlioz. We have not the smallest disposition to criticise this programme. It covers a lot of ground, and the works chosen to represent various periods and styles have an unquestioned claim to the place they hold.

The following vocalists are under engagement to appear at the Festival:—Mesdames Albani, Anna Williams, Brereton, Macintyre, Hilda Wilson, and Hope Glenn; Messrs. E. Lloyd, M'Kay, Santley, Brereton, and Henschel. Solo violin, Mr. Joachim; organist, Mr. C. W. Perkins; chorus-master, Mr. Stockley; conductor, Dr. Hans Richter. The chorus now in training numbers 100 sopranos, 90 altos, 90 tenors and 90 basses,—total, 370 voices; and the orchestra will consist of 86 "strings," with a double complement of "wind," etc.—in all, 123 instruments.

Foreign Notes.

HERR FRIEDRICH KOCH, of Berlin, who has temporarily held the post of *chef d'orchestre* at Baden since the death of Herr Kochneemann, has been chosen to fill this place permanently. There were 122 candidates for the post. Herr Koch, who is an eminent violoncellist, a pupil of Haussman, is also a composer of some reputation, two of his Symphonies having been performed in Berlin, Hamburg, and Dresden.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the first performance of a celebrated waltz was lately held at Vienna—the “Blue Danube,” so well known all over Europe, if not all over the world. This waltz was first performed at a Fancy Ball in Vienna in 1866.

THE Emperor of Germany has conferred upon Anton Rubinstein the Cross of the Order of Merit, the highest of the Prussian orders which can be given to a civilian. The Czar has sent him the Cross of St. Andrew. Both these decorations have been conferred on the occasion of Rubinstein's retirement from the direction of the Conservatorium.

THE St. Petersburg Chamber Music Society offers two prizes for the best String Quartettes sent in before the end of this year. The prizes are of the value of 550 and 150 roubles. The competition is open to musicians from all countries, and the decision of the judges will be announced about the beginning of next April. If none of the compositions sent in should be thought worthy of the prizes, a smaller sum of money may be divided among the most meritorious. Any works intended for this competition should be addressed to the Chamber Music Society of St. Petersburg, c/o Herr Büttner, Music Warehouse, Perspektiv Nevsky, St. Petersburg.

At the recent first production of Herr Sommer's new opera, “Lorelei,” at Brunswick, the principal tenor, Herr Schroetter, met with an accident just before the performance was going to begin. He was quite unable to appear. There was no other vocalist ready to take his place, so the audience were asked if they would allow a dramatic artist to declaim the words of the part instead of singing them. The idea was welcomed, the performance was gone through as well as possible under the circumstances, and the good-natured public rewarded the unaccustomed efforts of Herr Schroetter's substitute with unstinted applause. The whole work was a great success, and the composer was called before the curtain over and over again.

THE curious performance of Rossini's “Barber of Seville” at the Victor Emanuel Theatre, Turin, in which all the parts were sung by women, appears to have been as successful as it deserved to be, i.e. it was a complete failure!

VERDI has just sent to the museum of the Bologna Music School a portion of the score of his “Requiem Mass,” written out by his own hand.

FROM Italy is announced the death, at the age of sixty-nine, of Duke Giulio Litta Visconti Aresé, one of the most distinguished amateurs of his day. Among his compositions may be mentioned the following operatic works: “Editta di Lorno,” “Sardanapale,” “Raggio d'Amore,” “Il Violino di Cremona,” and an oratorio, “La Passione.”

ADEODATO BOSSI, the last descendant of a family of famous organ-builders, died in June at Bergamo, aged eighty-six. For three centuries the Bossi family have been well known in Italy for their good work.

Le Ménestrel announces the death of Count Nicolo Gabrielli, who was well known in Paris at the time of the Second Empire. He was born in Naples in 1814, and wrote a large number of operas and ballets.

M. CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, who has lately returned to Paris, is said to have been delighted with his time in Egypt, Tunis, and Algiers, and to have returned in perfect health and bringing with him many MSS.

TSCHAIKOWSKY has been conducting performances of his own works in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and has achieved a great success.

THE Providence Music Festival seems to have been very interesting, both as regards the pieces chosen, and their rendering. Berlioz' “Damnation de Faust,” a Cantata by Bruch, “Die Schöne Helene,” Massenet's “Dernier Sommeil de la Vierge,” the “Elijah” of Mendelssohn, Tschaiakowsky's Piano-forte Concerto, etc., being on the list of works given. The Providence Arion Club was assisted by the Boston Orchestra, and by distinguished soloists, and the interest aroused was so great that there is a talk of having a Music Festival every year in future.

MISS AMY FAY, whose “Letters” excited some interest when they first appeared, has been giving a concert lately in New York, in which pianoforte performances alternated with dances, executed by a Miss Willis, who is said to be exceedingly graceful and interesting.

THE Expulsion of the Jews is said to be causing sad blanks in the musical world in some of the Russian towns. Teachers of music and artists of the persecuted race are leaving their homes by hundreds. We read of one town where all the members of the Municipal Orchestra have had to depart, except the conductor.

AT the St. Petersburg Conservatorium there have been during the past year five hundred and sixty students. Two hundred and sixty-two studied piano, one hundred and fifty-five different orchestral instruments, eighty-eight singing, twelve harmony, and thirteen organ. Twenty-six of these students finish their musical education this year.

THE “Premier Grand Prix de Rome” has been gained by M. Silver, a pupil of Massenet, and the “Premier Second Grand Prix” by M. Fournier, a pupil of Théodore Dubois and of the late Léo Delibes. Honourable mention is made of M. André, a pupil of Ernest Guiraud.

GOUNOD has been so seriously ill as to be unable to be present at the competitions for these honours. His present condition causes great anxiety to his friends.

MASSENET is said to be at work on a new opera, “Amy Robsart,” the story of which is of course to be taken from *Kenilworth*.

THE yearly report of the Dresden Conservatorium shows that 765 pupils (thirty-three more than last year) have attended the classes during the session. This music school changed hands last year, and is now under the direction of Professor Eugen Krantz. The nationalities represented in the list of students are very varied. From Saxony come 501, from other parts of Germany 150, from Austria 30, from Switzerland 3, from Great Britain 46, from Scandinavia 5, Russia 26, America 44, India 9, Turkey 1, and even one or two from Arabia, Africa, and Australia!

HERR HERMANN GENSS has now undertaken the direction of the Mayence Conservatorium.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX performances have been given in the Berlin Royal Opera House during the last year. Eighty-one evenings were devoted to Wagner's Operas (twenty-nine of these to “Tannhäuser,” and twenty-six to “Lohengrin”). Weber's “Oberon” was given thirty-six times, and other works of this master took up other six evenings. To Mozart's works thirteen evenings were given, the same to those of Meyerbeer and Lortzing. To Verdi's twelve were allotted. “Carmen” was given fourteen times, and Nessler's “Trompeter von Säckingen” twelve times. The only new opera was “Hiarne,” by Ingeborg von Bronsart, which was given six times.

IN Vienna, Bayreuth, Munich, Berlin, and Dresden, orders have been given that no artists shall accept encores, nor appear before the curtain in answer to a “recall,” however enthusiastic may be the applause called forth by their performances. Artists from other towns are still, we believe, to be allowed to signify their gratitude to appreciative audiences in the old ways.

THERE are over 300 artists engaged at the Bayreuth Festival. The orchestra numbers 130 performers, and there are 144 singers and 64 members of the ballet.

THE *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung* records the first appearance in Berlin of a new *Cherubino*, about fourteen years of age, named Sophie David. This young artist comes from Prague, and is said to be very promising, though of course neither voice nor talents can be thoroughly developed as yet.

A NEW “Aid to the Beginner” is advertised from Cologne, in the shape of a rest for the left wrist of the young violinist. It claims to be of use in keeping the hand in its proper position. Its inventor is Herr Haus, the Director of a Music School in Cologne.

AT the Vienna Opera House, during the past season, Wagner's operas have been given on forty-one evenings, ten works having been produced. Massenet's “Manon” and “Le Cid” have occupied twenty-eight evenings. Meyerbeer comes next on the list, with four operas (fifteen representations). Then come the names of Mozart, with four operas (eleven representations); Gluck, with three works (eight representations); Donizetti, Halévy, and Weber, whose operas occupied seven evenings each. Rossini's had six performances; Beethoven's, Bizet's, Liszt's, and Ambroise Thomas's five each.

COMMEMORATIVE tablets have been placed upon the house where Paganini died, at Nice, in 1840, and upon that in which Viotti was born (1753), at Fontanetto, a little town of Piedmont.

A NEW operetta by an Italian lady, Signora Adolfa Galloni, has been published at the Goldoni Theatre, Florence, under the title of “I Quattro Rustici.” The story is taken from one of the comedies of Goldoni. Another Italian lady, Signorina Teresa Guidi, has just finished an opera, “Don Cesare di Bazan.”

AT last the long-expected “Nero” of Boito is really to be performed at Milan and Bologna. *L'Italie* says: “This will certainly be a great event for Italian art. The success obtained by ‘Mefistofele’ increases our desire to hear the new work. Signor Boito has for some time written nothing for the stage, except *libretti*, and the public, while admiring the words of ‘Otello,’ of ‘Ero e Leandro,’ and of ‘Gioconda,’ has reasonably enough deplored the fact of a composer of such talent wasting his time in writing words for other masters.” Of course, Boito has written both words and music of “Nero.”

FIFTY-THOUSAND francs have been left by an Italian amateur, Signor Guiseppe Mambretti of Cremona, of which sum the interest is to be used every year towards sending to the Milan Conservatorium some young man who wishes to become a musician. Those who wish to devote themselves to the piano are to be preferred.

ALESSANDRO ADEMOLLO, author of several interesting works on the history and literature of music, such as *Handel in Italy*, *The Great Singers of the Eighteenth Century*, *Gluck in Italy*, etc. etc., died at Florence, on the 22nd of June, aged sixty-four.

ACCORDING to *Le Ménestrel*, Verdi has purchased a piece of land close to Milan, on which will be erected an asylum for aged and impoverished musicians. The building is already commenced.

THE festival at Bayreuth this year will be exceedingly attractive. Materna, Alvary, and Reichmann will be among the principals who are to take part. Van Dyck will appear in "Parsifal," Sucher as Isolde, and there will be many other artists engaged.

MME. TORICELLI has been engaged, according to the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*, for no less than one hundred and twenty concerts in Russia, under very favourable conditions. She will appear at the Philharmonic Concerts in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

QUANTÉ, a violinist of twelve years, pupil of Massart, has made several appearances in Paris; he was heard in Vieuxtemps' "Fantasie Appassionata," and the lad is reported to show remarkable talent.

SIGNOR MASCAGNI's new opera, founded on Eckmann-Chatrian's story "L'Ami Fritz," will be produced at Rome in October next. The book is furnished by Signor Nicolas Daspuro, and it will be entitled "Süzel."

A NEW opera entitled "Lorelei" has been produced at Brunswick. The composer is Herr Hans Sommer, and he is said to have adopted Wagner's theories in their entirety. The work and its performance are spoken of in favourable terms.

MILLE GIULIA RAVOGLI is spoken of by the best critics as a lyric artist of the first rank. She is a sister of Sofia Ravogli, who is singing leading parts in the same troupe at the Royal Italian Opera.

It is reported that Pietro Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," has up to date received no less than 225,000 lire (£9000) in royalties for the performances of his work in Italy alone. The sum will not seem exaggerated if it be borne in mind that Sonzogno, the lucky publisher of the opera, has refused a New York offer of £2500 for the American rights of the work in question. Besides the royalties on performances, Mascagni draws a proportionately high percentage of the sale of his piano score and other arrangements of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Truly in few professions is the change from financial misery to riches more sudden than sometimes in the realms of the theatre, where the success of a one-act opera can produce such financial wonders as this "Cavalleria Rusticana."

BOTH the brothers Scharwenka, Xaver and Philipp, will go to America to conduct in person the Scharwenka Conservatory at Boston, for the Berlin Conservatory, with which the talented brothers have been associated, will be given up by them. They will be accompanied by many of their pupils.

A NEGRO operatic company, under the management of Mr. William Foote, recently arrived in Hamburg from New York. The company consists of some fifty negro artists, including Marie Selika, the "black Patti." It is proposed to give a series of operatic performances in the principal towns of Germany.

THE Municipal Library at Hamburg has recently been enriched by the bequest of Beethoven's will, which was left to them by Madame Jenny Lind. The will is dated 1802, and its details have already been published. It was for some time in possession of the Viennese publisher Artaria, who bought it at the Beethoven sale, and it afterwards became the property of Jean Beethoven, Alois Fuchs, and Ernst the violinist, who, in 1855, presented it to Madame Jenny Lind, who had sung for him at one of his concerts. The document is, of course, not of intrinsic value, but it is characteristic of Jenny Lind that she should leave it away from this country and the United States, where she gained practically her entire fortune.

INTENDING visitors to Bayreuth may be interested to learn that, owing to the great success of a recent performance of Wagner's tetralogy "Der Ring des Nibelungen" in Dresden, the entire work will be repeated in that city in the course of August.

ACCORDING to the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, it is intended to produce Wagner's "Parsifal" in Bologna next year. It may be remembered that it was in Bologna the composer's genius first obtained recognition in the Italian peninsula nearly twenty years ago; but any proposal to perform his sacred masterpiece under ordinary theatrical conditions should meet with strenuous opposition.

THE *Svenska Musik Tidningen* writes:—"Our highly-gifted composer Emil Sjögren gave lately a concert in Gothenburg, when only his own compositions were performed. The concert was crowded, and every number was enthusiastically received, especially the duets for violin and piano, in which Mr. Sjögren was assisted by the violinist Mr. Tor Aulin."

A WAGNER statue is to be erected in front of the Opera House, Berlin, at the cost of the German Emperor. A political busybody tried to turn the Emperor from this action on the ground of Wagner's revolutionary inclinations in 1849, but His Majesty had too much good sense and too ardent an admiration for art to be induced to forego his proposal.

THE Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm, has had a medal struck in memoriam of Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, "The Swedish Nightingale." On one side of the medal is engraved her name and years of birth and death, on the other the words "Spirit and Art."

THE young composer and conductor, Richard Strauss, of Weimar, who is estimated one of the most promising of the serious musicians of Germany, has been so seriously ill that his life was despaired of. Happily he is now better.

CHRISTOPH UTHOFF, the contra-bass player, died recently in New York. He was a fine performer, and for many years Theodore Thomas' first bassist. He was a Russian by birth.

THE centenary of Meyerbeer's birth will be celebrated at the Paris Opera on 23rd September with a performance of extraordinary interest. Madame Viardot will take part with M. Jean de Reszke in the coronation scene from "Le Prophète," M. Faure will resume his rôle of De Nevers in the fourth act of "Les Huguenots," and Madame Krauss will reappear in the last act of "L'Africaine." Madame Viardot was last heard in London, in the concert-room, in 1870, and she is now in her seventieth year.

MM. MICHEL CARRE FILS AND ANDRÉ WORMSER's musical play without words, "L'Enfant Prodigue," has attained an amount of favour at the Vienna theatre An der Wien not less striking than that accorded to it in London.

TSCHAIKOWSKY, the Russian composer, who is at work on a new opera which he hardly expects to complete inside of two years, says: "The labour of composing is slow, and I never attempt to do anything in a short time. I am sometimes a month doing what most modern composers accomplish in ten minutes. I cannot work rapidly, nor at any time except when in the mood."

W. J. VON WASIELEWSKI has just published a "Kaiserlied," or "Emperor's Hymn," which, according to the *Leipziger Signale*, deserves to be generally adopted by the German people, in the same way in which the "Königlied," to which the British national anthem has contributed the melody, has long since obtained popular acceptance in most States of the Fatherland.

FREDERICK KOCH, of the Berlin Royal Orchestra, and an able composer, has been appointed to the conductorship of the municipal orchestra of Baden-Baden.

QUEEN HORTENSE, who has always been accredited with the authorship of both the words and music of the charming song "Partant pour la Syrie," was not by any means an accomplished musician. In fact, her musical knowledge was very meagre, and consisted of the ability to play a little upon the harpsichord, and to sing some of the favourite songs of her day. She also composed melodies, which she hummed to her secretary Drouet, a clever musician, who wrote them down and reduced them to musical form. There is no knowing, therefore, how much the above famous song is indebted to the efforts of Drouet for its existence.

Music in Illness.

THE following letter from the *Lancet* of 4th July may interest many of our readers, we therefore insert it in full:—

SIRS,—I beg leave to submit a question through your columns to the leaders in the medical world, viz. Whether soft low music might not be used with advantage as a curative assistant in a considerable number of cases of illness, more particularly those in which the nerves are specially concerned? The lulling effect upon young children of melodies softly sung has been acknowledged in all ages; and the lulling influence of a certain class of music upon adults is far greater than is generally supposed.

Five years ago I had an opportunity of trying the effect of dreamy music upon a lady of great intellectual power, who retained all her faculties at the ripe age of eighty-six. About seven minutes were occupied by the music; and before its last notes were heard, my reverend friend, the late Viscountess Combermere, had closed her eyes and was napping. There are still living persons who were present on that occasion, and can attest the fact that very strong drowsiness, if not actual sleep, was then obtained; furthermore, if any recognised scientists amongst your readers desire to see this experiment repeated upon other patients, I shall be happy to arrange for the same music to be played by the same players upon the same instruments (muted violin and piano-forte), provided only that the patients are not informed of the nature of the experiment about to be made upon them. But it is not chiefly on account of the somniferous power, in which it is probably inferior to sleeping draughts, that I venture to advocate the assistance of music, but rather because it is a means which tends very generally to produce ease of mind and feeling of contentment. Few will deny that troubles affect the mind greatly during illness; and the best and only permanent means of quelling the

restlessness that accompanies trouble is to induce confidence in the power, wisdom, and goodness of Almighty God. The remembrance of sacred sentences from the Psalms of New Testament proves at such times of the greatest comfort; and if these sentences are expressed in soft anthem-like music, they appeal to the heart with greater power than if only spoken. A quarter of an hour's communion with pious thoughts and peaceful sounds will help to draw the mind of a sufferer away from the present moment, and will make him forget pain. But supposing that there is no sense of religion in the patient, we may still consider music to be a useful assistant in certain classes of illness; and in confirmation of this view, I would appeal to articles in the *Lancet*, which I have seen to-day for the first time, one of these being dated April 25th of this year, and headed "Music as a Remedy;" the other dated May 23rd, and headed "Music in the Treatment of Disease."

If it may be assumed that the opinions put forward in these articles are in the main correct, and that music possesses the virtue here attributed to it, the question arises: How can we apply it so as to become of practical value to a large number of the community? The answer to this is clear enough. Let a large number of lady vocalists and violinists (of either sex) be enrolled who would be content to be formed into a regular society under a governing body or council. Let there be in all great cities of the kingdom centres or habitations, say twenty in our enormous metropolis, and six, or four, or two in the provincial towns, according to their size and population. Over each of these centres there should be a paid official—viz. a lady directress—who would be in communication with ten or twelve vocalists and half that number of violinists. A message sent from a physician to a directress would summon three of the aforesaid musicians to be at a given place at a given time, and they might be on the spot after a few hours at the most, when all things are in working order. Certain rules ought to be strictly observed, viz. that the music be played in a room adjoining that of the patient, and not in the sick room; that the patient be never, on any pretext whatever, seen or spoken to, since all suspicion of "visiting" must be kept apart from this mission of music. The violins should always be muted, the musicians should be always unseen, and their names unknown. It may be said that although the system now advocated is new to the present generation, music was effectively applied for healing purposes 3000 years ago; and a friend tells me that H.R.H. the late Duchess of Cambridge derived during illness much benefit from the playing of Signor Tosti. One reason why music is never prescribed in modern times is clear, viz. that physicians in general do not know where to find competent artists prepared with music specially suited for the nerves of sufferers. These artists (of whom there must be thousands), as well as the lady directresses (of whom there must be hundreds), must one and all be paid for their services, and double fees should be allowed for music played between 12 P.M. and 7 A.M. The cost, therefore, of establishing such a system would be enormous, at all events for a time, and until the plan might be made to pay its own expenses. Many thousands must be expended. Still, if the benefit of utilising music be allowed by a committee formed of some chief physicians of Great Britain, those thousands would soon be forthcoming. Experiment would be made at first upon a select number of patients; and a few months' trial would probably suffice to show how much respite from suffering could be obtained from the application of that divine art which, next to religion, seems given to man for the purpose of ridding his bosom of that perilous stuff that wars against the soul.—I am, sirs, obediently yours,

FREDERICK K. HARFORD.

Dean's Yard, Westminster.

P.S.—It ought to be said that, since writing the above letter, Miss Florence Nightingale has expressed her full concurrence with the objects of the Mission of St. Cecilia, and wishes it God-speed; also that I shall be happy to answer letters received from any of

your readers who desire to assist in setting on foot this proposed mission.

[The fact that music is capable of acting as a sedative in certain nervous conditions, and as a stimulant in others, is generally admitted. Its soothing property would no doubt be appreciably enhanced by the use of muted instruments, and its total efficiency by the employment of skilled performers. As regards the advisability of instituting a musical mission or guild for the treatment of illness, however, we must speak with some reserve. It must be remembered that the function of this pleasing art is in most cases quite subsidiary, and its effects are merely temporary.—Ed. L.]

In Memoriam.

JULY 29.

—:o:—

*Great Schumann! loving genius!—by God's grace
Revealing, as His prophet unto all,
Deep wells of comfort!—thy memorial,
No merely marble image of thy face,
Which time and stormy elements debate,
Lives ever in their hearts who know the call
Of spirit, risen beyond burial.
Man's heart thy sphere, his heart thy fame's safe
place.*

*From childhood playing in life's quiet fields,
Onward through manhood and the growth of strife,
Against self-discord or the march of Wrong.—
In each, to all, thy heavenly music yields
A sense of heaven in their cup of life,
Strength to the weak, fresh power to the strong.*

A. B.

Reverie.

—:o:—

*Gently round me now are falling
Evening shadows,
And the soft grey mist is stealing
O'er the meadows.*

*While in fit of dreamy musing,
Lone I wander,
And on thoughts of sweet intent
Deeply ponder.*

*Like a long-remember'd dream, comes
Music thrilling,
All my senses and my soul with
Rapture filling.*

*Sweetest melody and cadence,
Subtly blending,
Like a skylark's song of joy to
Heaven ascending.*

*Minor melody and chords of
Plaintive sadness,
Mingling with a tender strain like
Love's sweet gladness.*

*The whisp'ring trees and silent stars
Their vigil keep,
And gentle night descends and wraps
The world in sleep.*

E. M. COLLINS.



Patents.

—:o:—

THIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

9,684. A new or improved means of attaching and stretching vellum on banjos and such-like

instruments. Arthur John Wilmshurst, 27 Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London. June 8th.

9,989. Improvements in trombones, trumpets, and similar brass wind instruments. Davis James Blackley, 13 Elsworth Terrace, Primrose Hill, London. June 12th.

10,175. Electrical metronome or time-beater or regulator, for musical and other purposes. James Walker and Joseph Hampshire, 2 Union Street, Dewsbury. June 16th.

10,353. Process and appliance for tuning stringed instruments, and for learning such tuning. Max Schlittenbauer, Temple Chambers, London. June 18th.

10,390. An improved mute for violins and such-like instruments. Alexander Robert Henry Haghe and Charles Louis Haghe, 27 Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London. June 18th.

10,408. An improved musical instrument, which is set in motion by the wind. Wenzl Fischer, 70 Wellington Street, Glasgow. June 19th.

10,502. Improvements in and connected with stringed musical instruments. Joseph S. F. Pizzuti, 1 Quality Court, London. June 20th.

10,508. Improvements in or appertaining to organs and like musical instruments. Robert Hope Jones, 6 Lord Street, Liverpool. June 20th.

10,857. An improved pneumatic action for organs. James Ferriday, 97 Newgate Street, London. June 25th.

10,906. An improved safety check for musical boxes, applicable also to other mechanism. Jean Billon-Haller, 78 Fleet Street, London. June 26th.

10,927. Improvements in or connected with musical instruments, specially applicable to violin-pianos. John Mutch, 166 Fleet Street, London. June 26th.

11,044. An improvement in or pertaining to bows for stringed instruments. Emil Kohser, 46 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. June 29th.

SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

3,847. Gilbert, musical instruments, 1891. . . . 9
6,733. Vorbrodt, pianinos, 1891. . . . 9
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THE OLD CLOCK

Words by LONGFELLOW.

Music by MARIE TRANNACK.



Scherzo

by

F. MENDELSSOHN.



London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

THE OLD CLOCK.

WORDS BY
LONGFELLOW.

MUSIC BY
MARIE TRANNACK.

Larghetto.

VOICE. *Some-what back from the*

PIANO.

cresc.

cresc.

più mosso

accel.

smorz.

vil - lage street Stands the old fash - ioned coun - try seat. A - cross its an - tique

por - ti - co. Tall pop - lar trees their sha - dows throw. And from its sta - tion

in the hall An an - cient time - piece says to all For ev - er

nev - er, nev - er For ev - er.

espress.

By day its voice is low and light, But in the si-lent dead of night. Dis - tinct as a pass-ing

solenne

footsteps fall. It e-choes a-long the va-cant hall And as if like God it all things saw. It

*ad lib.**rall.**e**dim.*

calm - ly repeats these words of awe. For ev - er nev - er, nev - er For ev -

dolce

er. From that cham-ber clothed in white The

*a tempo**colla voce*

er. From that cham-ber clothed in white The

agitato

bride came forth on her wed - ding night There in that si-lent room be-low The dead lay in his shroud of snow,

accel.

And in the hush that foll-owed the prayer Was heard the old clock on the stair For ev - er nev - er.

con passione e rit.

All are scat-tered now and fled, Some are mar-ried some are dead. And when I ask with

throbs of pain Oh when shall they all meet a - gain. As in the days long since gone by The

an - cient time-piece makes re - ply *p* Nev - er here for *accel* ev - er there Where all part - ing

pain and care, And time and death shall dis - ap - pear For ev - er there but nev - er here The

a tempo hor - loge of e - ter - ni - ty Say - eth thus in - cess - an - tly For ev - er

morendo nev - er, nev - er For ev - er. *dim.* *rall.*

SCHERZO.

F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Prestissimo.

PIANO.

*pp**p**pp**p*



First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The music includes various fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4) and dynamic markings: *pp* (pianissimo) at the beginning and end. There are also markings for *tr.* (trill) and **.* (ornament).



Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a treble and bass staff with various fingerings and dynamic markings.



Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various fingerings and a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).



Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various fingerings and dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *cre -* (crescendo).



Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music includes various fingerings and dynamic markings: *scen -* (scene), *do -* (do), *al -* (al), and *ff* (fortissimo).

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major, indicated by two sharps (F# and C#). The music features a complex melodic line in the upper staff with many triplets and sixteenth notes, and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the lower staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a similar melodic and harmonic structure to the first system. A dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) appears in the upper staff towards the end of the system. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation shows a continuation of the musical themes. It includes various articulation marks such as slurs and accents. There are asterisks (*) and the word *ad.* (ad libitum) written below the lower staff, indicating sections of improvisation or optional performance. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the composition. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present in the upper staff. Similar to the previous system, there are asterisks (*) and *ad.* markings below the lower staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fifth system of musical notation is the final system on this page. It features a more active melodic line in the upper staff with many triplets. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

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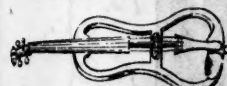
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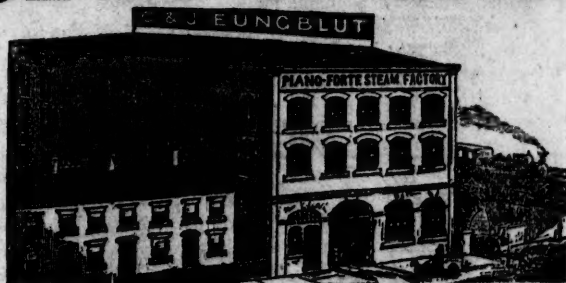
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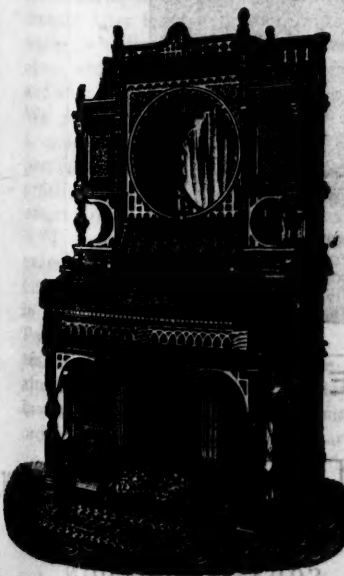
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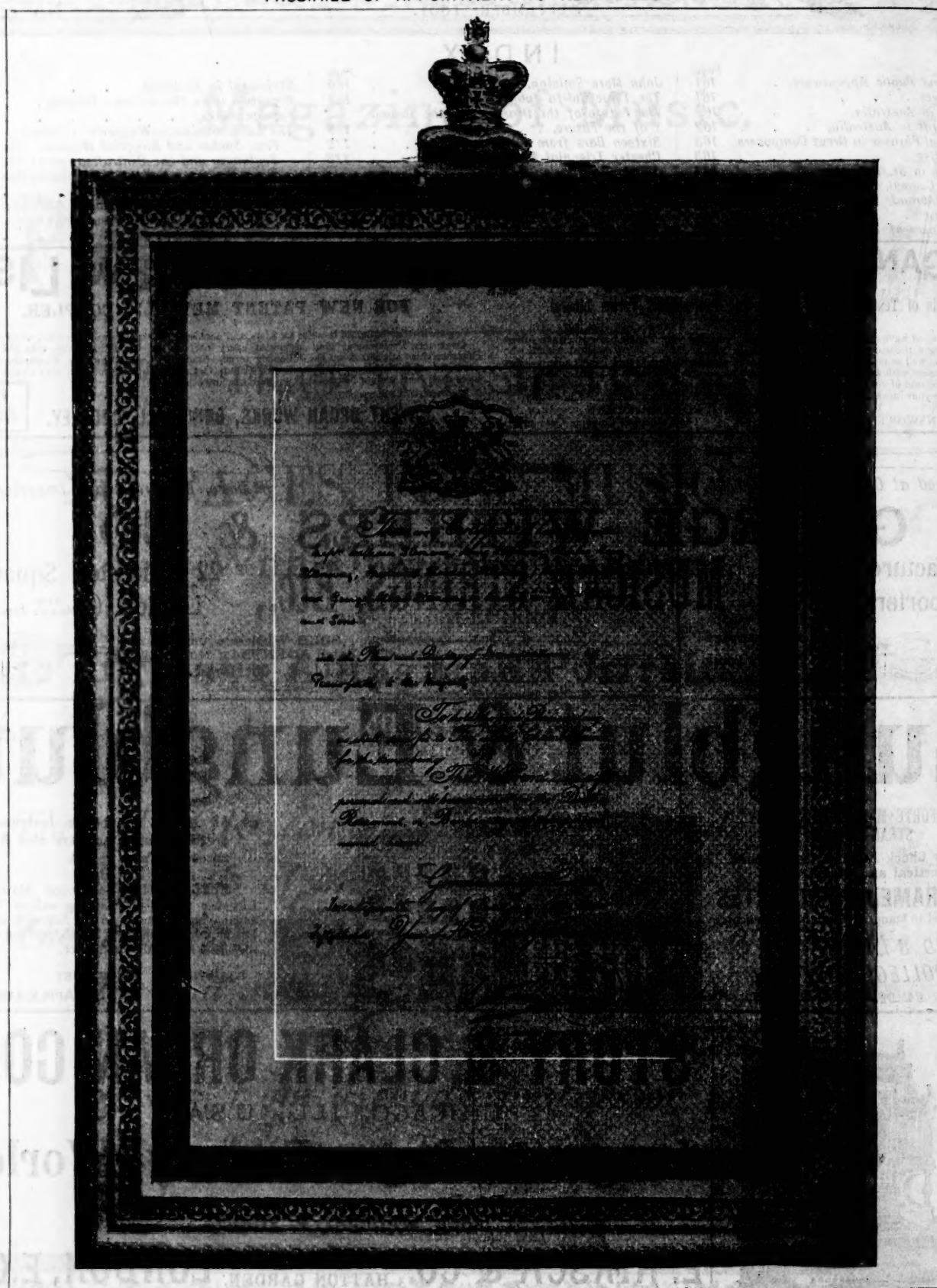
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